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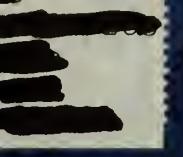
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Gc 977.202 H12hab 1922  
Hagerstown High School  
(Hagerstown, Ind.)  
Epitome

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BEVERLY YOUNG



# THE 1922 EPITOME

*A picture book of the school life  
and activities of Hagerstown  
High School for school  
year 1921-22*



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# *The* EPI<sup>T</sup>OME

The Year Book of  
**HAGERSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL**  
Volume IV

PUBLISHED BY A STAFF REPRESENTING  
**HAGERSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL**  
AND  
SPONSORED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA  
April, 1922

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PO Box 2270  
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270



OUR ALMA MATER

**2017000**

*To our patriotic and faithful student  
body whom we think has made  
possible such a successful  
school year, we dedi-  
cate this volume of  
our year book*



### FOREWORD

We, the Senior class of 1922, realizing that we have reached a turning point in life's journey, are putting forth our best efforts to make this year book the best ever published in any class of H. H. S. This book is merely a memoranda as the name implies, of the activities of the school year 1921-22, this being the last year we attend Hagerstown High School. The purpose of the book is to put before the public the happenings of this school year and a token of remembrance from this Senior class. All through our journey we have looked forward to this year and now that we have almost reached the end of our high school career we are sorry to leave behind us our school-mates and faculty and go on in our journey to see what is in store for us. We have striven to make this book a fitting memorial to the past school year. We believe that we have succeeded in our efforts and hope that you will also think so. To the faithful faculty and student body we owe much of the success of this year book.



On the 26th of April, 1921, the voters of Hagerstown and Jefferson township determined by an election to consolidate the schools of the town and the township under the statute of 1917. This act provides that such consolidated schools shall be under the control and management of a school board composed of three (3) school trustees, consisting of the township trustee and two (2) other members selected by the town board of trustees. One of these must be a resident of the town and one must be a resident of the township outside of the town.

The first board of the consolidated schools is composed of Ralph Teetor, President; Elmer Crull, Township Trustee, Secretary, and Clarence Vornauf, Treasurer. They are proving themselves very efficient. Regular meetings are held bi-weekly and several called meetings have been held. Since the State Board of Health has condemned our high school building, the responsibility of constructing a new Junior-Senior high school building has fallen to their lot but we feel sure they will be equal to the occasion.



Editor-in-Chief  
Asst. Editor-in-Chief  
Business Manager  
Advertising Manager  
Asst. Advertising Manager  
Music Editor  
Social Editor  
Athletic Editor  
Junior Class Editor  
Sophomore Class Editor  
Freshman Class Editor  
Staff Photographer  
Faculty Advisor

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Herman Teetor  
Mark Peckinpaugh  
Arnim Root  
Rollin Stanley  
Aline Hower  
Helen Riggs  
Cecil Deardorff  
Keith Farlow  
Emma Jean Smith  
Garver Brown  
Minnie Manifold  
W. J. Stahr

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NOTENPILLER



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Muncie Normal,  
Earlham College.



IVAN HANEN,  
*Junior High.*  
Indiana State Normal.

# SENIORS



1



CHARLES REPLOGLE.

President '22,  
Epitome '22,  
Widespread '21, '22,  
Glee Club '22  
Basket Ball '22.

9



ALINE HOWER.

Vice President '22,  
Epitome '22,  
Widespread '22,  
Glee Club '21, '22,  
Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22,  
Board of Control '22.

2



HELEN RIGGS.

Secretary-Treasurer '22,  
Epitome '21, '22,  
Glee Club '21, '22.

2

HELEN BARRON.

Glee Club '22.

1



9



2



2

ARNIM ROOT.

Epitome '22,  
Basket Ball '19, '20, '21, '22,  
Glee Club '21.

SARA WARFEL.

Widespread '22,  
Glee Club '21.

1



DOROTHY BOOKOUT.  
Glee Club.

9



MARK PECKINBAUGH.  
Epitome '22,  
Widespread '22,  
Glee Club '22.

2



FERN STEWART.  
Glee Club '21, '22.

2

ETOILE MARSHALL.

Glee Club '21, '22.

1



9

HAROLD WICHTERMAN.

Basket Ball '19, '20, '21, '22.

Glee Club '21, '22.

2



2

MINNIE MANIFOLD.

Epitome '22,  
Glee Club '21, '22.

1



WALTER MAIN.

Widespread '21,  
Basket Ball '20, '21,  
Glee Club '21.

9



CECIL DEARDORFF.

Epitome '22,  
Widespread '22,  
Glee Club '21, '22,  
Orchestra '20, '21, '22,  
Boys' Band '21, '22.

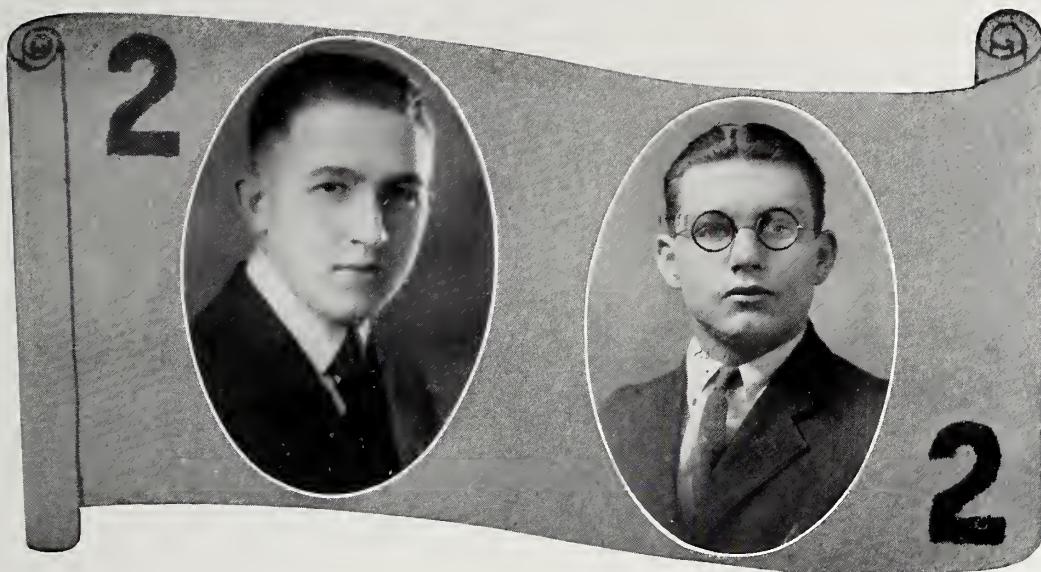
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VEARL HOOVER.

Glee Club '21, '22.

2



JESS SELLS.

Epitome '22,  
Glee Club '21, '22.

ROLLIN STANLEY.

Epitome '22,  
Widespread '19, '21,  
Basket Ball '21, '22.

The class of '22 boasts of having among its numbers four members who have completed the four years' course in three. These are Walter Main, Charles Reogle, Vearl Hoover and Cecil Deardorff. Walter Main, who is now at Defiance College in his freshman year, attended Central Normal College during the summer of 1921, after completing his junior year with a very creditable record, and there carried enough subjects in the high school department to complete that part of his career. As the state doesn't issue diplomas except in the spring, Walter will graduate with us. Charles Reogle also attended C. N. C. after completing his sophomore year. He carried enough work to justify his entering the senior class at the first of the term. Vearl Hoover and Cecil Deardorff, who were also among the sophomores, were under a private tutor during the summer vacation and, after taking the state examinations, proved themselves very worthy of entering their last year of academic school-life. All four have proven their ability to undertake the duties of a senior.

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

September 2, 1918! Just four years have passed since this present Senior Class entered old H. H. S. as freshmen, numbering twenty-five, the largest freshmen class that had ever entered Hagerstown High School up to that time. Although we did nothing by which we can now distinguish ourselves, we were a wide-awake bunch, were always ready to support school activities and help make life in the school a success. During the year our class was organized. Ralph Waltz was elected president and Sara Warfel, secretary-treasurer. During the year four of our class-mates left us.

Twenty of our number entered high school as sophomores, September, 1919. Our former class president having left us, we elected Donald Teetor to fill the vacancy. This year we began to take a more active part in school life. Our class basket ball team was victorious in the inter-class tournament and we were therefore permitted to have our class numerals placed on the perpetual trophy cup. Our class also gained the greatest number of points in the field day exercises at the close of the year. It was on field and class days that we earned our first money as a class, by selling refreshments.

September, 1920, we again entered on our toilsome journey as juniors. Only fourteen of our number remained. The class officers, this year, were the same as those for the preceding year. Our class basket ball team again won in the inter-class tourney, and a second time '22 went on the trophy cup. In March we gave a class play, "The Gold Bug," which was quite a success. At the close of the school year, as is the custom, we gave the Junior-Senior reception at Lightcroft. We, at this time, were beginning to see the size of the shoes we were to fill the next year.

We entered on the last stretch of our journey as seniors, September, 1921, with a class roll of seventeen. This year all new class officers were elected. Charles Replogle was elected president, Aline Hower, vice-prsident, and Helen Riggs, secretary-treasurer.

This year we have brought the Lyceum Course to this community. Encouraged by our success of the year before, on January 11 and 12, we gave another class play, "And Home Came Ted," for the benefit of this "Epitome" which we have striven to make the best annual ever put out by any class of H. H. S. Furthermore, we think we have succeeded in doing this.

We, during our four years' course have seen the enrollment in the school grow from sixty to one hundred and fifty.

Only eleven of the members of the freshman class of 1918 are members of the graduating class of 1922. Eleven have gone through the whole high-school course together, while others came and went.

We, as all Seniors, have had our trials and troubles, but we would gladly live it all over again. It is with much sorrow that we leave our teachers and the weather-beaten hall of education, our Alma Mater, and journey on through life's pathways.

## SENIOR CLASS WILL.

We, the Seniors, collectively hereby bequeath the Juniors our old shoes and hope that they may fill them as successfully as we have.

Individually, we will to the designated underclassmen our health, wealth and wisdom, as follows:

Harold Witcherman: His great ability to play basket ball to be divided equally between Bill May and Carl Stohler.

Charles Replogle: His large understanding (feet) to Smith Doughty and his old books to his "little" sister.

Arnim Root: His good looking qualities and natural stubbornness to his *good friend*, Charles Bunnell.

Helen Barron: Charles Bunnell to Jo Foyst, and her charming features to go with it.

Minnie Manifold: She hates to part with Gordon Murray, but as she is leaving school she wills him to Thelma Chadwick hoping that she will take the best possible care of him.

Rollin Stanley: His *sweet disposition* and extra pair of eyes to Harvey Petty. He also says he wants Gordon Murray to take good care of Thelma Chadwick.

Fern Stewart: Is a little bit undecided as to what she will will, but after some consideration she has decided that her wonderful warble should go to Virginia White.

Sara Warfel: Hates to do away with her good disposition but she has decided that it will do Guy Johnson more good than herself.

Dorothy Bookout: Her vampish ways and her back seat on the west side to her successor in the Senior Class, Agnes Adriion.

Jess Sells: His popularity with the girls to Herman Teetor and his Irish wit to Wilfred Knapp.

Etoile Marshall: Her bobbed hair to Ellen Hoover and her faithfulness as a student to Helen Replogle.

Aline Hower: Her charming ways to LaVerne Harter and her A's and B's to Howard Marlatt.

Helen Riggs: Her good looks and blond hair to Ruth Benbow with all due respect.

Cecil Deardorff: His place in the orchestra to Bill May and his ability to complete the four years' course in three to Raymond Weber.

Vearl Hoover: Hopes that his heir may be able to complete high school before he or she is able to vote. And his popularity with the student body to Harry Ulrich.

Walter Main: His good-natured slang to Allen Harris and his desire to throw hash to George Wogoman.

Mark Peckinpaugh: His ever-smiling face to Lloyd Byrket; his well-worn chewing gum to Omar Davidson and his great power to annoy the teachers to Charles Forkner.

## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY.

"Well, fertheluvamud," I muttered, with all the gall that was in me, "How many more of those blasted soap signs am I goin' to be required to look at?"

I had read my newspaper from the headlines to the last word on the last page—until I could say every advertisement by heart, and backwards. I had chewed up four perfectly good ten-cent cigars; had tried to diversify myself by beating time on the window-sill, to the rhythmic jaw action of the old maid across the aisle, who was chewing her gum,—gum that has lasted since we left Harpersburg Missouri.

Scenery had become a thorn in my flesh rather than a source of pleasure to me, because for the last two days I had been fed nothing but scenery—and dining car soup—soup which, despite all my efforts, had a twice-daily habit of drizzling upon my vest, with every lurch of the coach. Scenery: I had looked at tall scenery, short scenery, wide scenery, narrow scenery—oh, what's the use; anyway, I was tired of it. It had become to have a parallel effect upon me to that which castor oil has upon a young-un. And now I was at the end of the proverbial rope, for every time I permitted my eyes to gaze out through the smoky windows, they invariably were blazed at by a huge sign-board. I'll venture to say that out of 2,110 looks, I had encountered not less than 2,100 of these bloomin' sign boards which proclaimed the marvelous merits of "Wichterman's Dew-Drop Soap,"—"a soap which works wonders with all the family—papa, mamma, and baby."

I had tried pulling down the blinds to relieve myself from their hideous yellow glar-ing,—but no, they persisted in appearing in my mind's eye at regular intervals as a sort of after-image. Exasperated, I at length raised the blind, only to feel my hot blood surge to my face—for, as usual, one of those pesky signs made its appearance, amid the clouds of smoke from the engine.

Well, sufferin' woolyworms; thund—I was interrupted at this point of my mumbled vociferating by the gentleman in front of me. Turning around, he beamed a good-natured grin at me. It was the most pleasant thing I had seen since leaving Los Angeles—that grin. Something about it recalled past days to me, yet I could hardly make the proper connections. Its owner, after easing up on it somewhat, ventured that I had ridden a great distance. The rest came easy, for we were soon chatting away together. Reaching into his inside pocket, he drew forth a natty card-case, extracted a card, and extended it to me. It read: "Charles Replogle, B. S., Ph. D.," and in the lower right-hand corner: "Chemical Engineer." I thought I would surely lose my breath and my Adam's apple, I think, wore the pearl off the aft side of my collar button before I could find substance to gasp: "Rep—Rep,—can I believe my eyes? Can it be you? Do you remember me?" I grabbed his hand and began to pump it so vigorously that he

undoubtedly began to think, from the expression on his visage that I had been robbed of my mental faculties. Rep, don't you remember me? It was then he did remember me—and for several minutes we kept the air thick with reminiscences of old H. H. S.

By means of a steady flow of questions, I managed to learn from Rep that he had given up active life as a chemical engineer and that he was now, only as a pastime, engaged in lecturing upon phases of his profession at various colleges and universities throughout the country. From his appearance one could readily conclude that he was leading a life of serenity and contentment—except for a few stray gray hairs which had manifested themselves around the region of his ears. All five of his boys, excepting one, were attending college in preparation for following in his footsteps.

Suddenly our attention was jerked from our conversation by a sight which the speeding train brought into our range of vision. I have never been an especial fancier of poultry; but I must confess that the sight which met my eyes made them take on the proportions of a saucer. I swear I have never seen so many chickens in my life, before or since—hundreds and hundreds of White Leghorn chickens, speckled over the velvety green landscape of an immense chicken farm. Neither of us spoke a word, but only gazed and drank in the sight. By the appearance of row upon row of spick and span chicken-houses, I judged we were about to pass the capitol of this farm, the farm house. Just then the train made an abrupt curve to the left, letting us have a view of the engine, a few cars ahead. I noticed that the engineer was waving at someone but I gave it little heed 'till Rep seized my arm, pointing toward the large farm-house. At first I was unable to get the significance of his pointing. Then—like a bolt out of the blue came the second shock of my journey: for, standing on the rear porch of the house was the mistress of the poultry domain, airily waving her handkerchief at our engineer. We failed to make the fair-haired Helen B. see us, but we at least felt happier for having seen her again, even if only for an instant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several hours later found Rep and I comfortably installed in our suite at the Dear-dorff-Castoria Hotel. This hotel is the one at which I always put up when I am in Chicago. I prefer it because it is one of the most handsome and convenient in the city; and also because it is the property and pet hobby of my friend, the great surgeon, Dr. Cecil Deardorff, head surgeon at the famous Bleedmore Hospital.

After I had completed my ablutions and had changed to my evening clothes, I descended to the lobby. As I stepped from the elevator,—bump! I smashed directly into a gentleman who was entering. Both immediately started to beg the other's pardon. However, neither of us finished, for in the middle of our "excusing" we recognized each other. I had to blink my eyes to realize that the portly, prosperous-looking gentle-

man in the broad sombrero whom I faced was none other than Vearl Hoover.

Great guns, Vearl! What kindly deal of fate brings you here? I pulled him over to one of the davenport's and we sat down. In fifteen minutes we had exchanged individual histories dating back to 1922. He was, he informed me, making his annual visit to Chicago, bringing a shipment of his Montana steers to be sold at the stock yards.

After Vearl and I parted in the lobby, I ate my dinner and took a taxi for the Darkstone Theatre. I had purchased my ticket the first thing after my arrival in the city, for I feared that a delay would ruin my chances in getting one. For years I had been possessed of a craving to hear the noted Mme. Fern Stewart sing. This was to be my opportunity, so I was exceedingly gleeful over my good luck.

Comfortably established in my orchestra seat, I settled to watch the crowd come in. I always like to go to the theatre early so that I can watch the people come in—it's great amusement.

After I had been there about fifteen minutes I was attracted by a twittering among the occupants of the seats around me. Naturally I was curious to learn the source, so I questioned an old man in an adjacent seat. He bestowed a scornful look upon me. "Why, there is a great man just now entering that box over there." (directing with his forefinger.) I hated to expose my ignorance to a further degree, but my curiosity demanded that I ask who this betwitted great man was. I was informed that it was the Hon. Rollin Stanley, ex-state Senator and present advertising manager of the Sears-Roebuck Co. I whipped out my opera glasses to make closer scrutiny, and sure enough it was Rollin. Despite the side-burns, shiny pate, and the large family seated around him, it was without a doubt, Rollin. I wadded up my seat check, and tossed it at him in hope of attracting his attention. But no, he was too intent upon gazing behind the wings of the stage to notice the little wad which struck him on his nose. After a while I abandoned my attempts at attracting Rollin's attention and settled down in my seat to listen to the orchestra which had begun to play.

The opera was a huge success. Mme. Stewart met and even passed far beyond all my expectations. Her fame is indeed rightfully earned.

I lost no time in getting back to my room and to bed, for I had another gruelling day of travel before me.

The next morning I departed upon the south-bound train. Only a few miles had put Chicago behind me when I was cradled to sleep in my seat by the rocking of the train. The late hours of the night before were telling upon me, and I slept like a hibernated bear. When I finally awoke I at once became conscious of the fact that the train was motionless. I could hear the engine hissing and poom-pooming as it replenished its boilers. There seemed to be an unusual commotion outside my window, so I

drew myself up in my seat, that I might obtain a view of the outside and apprehend the source of the noise. I knew at a glance that we were in the Indianapolis Union depot. There had been somebody hurt and a curious, gaping throng was gathered around a small hospital cot, upon which lay a bandaged-up and gory wreck victim. Two internes stooped to carry the cot to the nearby ambulance, and as they did so, the nurse who had been bending over the cot, straightened up. I instantly recognized the figure in the starched nurse's garb as being Helen Riggs. She was shooing the crowd apart in order to make room for the cot to be carried to the ambulance. Just then the train lurched, crept out of the station, and we were on our way again.

The last smoke-stack of the city had scarcely been left behind when I felt a tap upon my shoulder. I looked up; an immaculate gentleman in a niftily-cut brown suit was beaming upon me. Jess Sells! Great horned owls, Jess, whatcha doin' here? In only a question of a few minutes I found that Jess was all that his name implies—he "sells." Yea, he is a knight of the grip—and doing well, too; selling a little line of his own, a recently perfected device known as "The Sells Combination Back-Scratcher and Lead Pencil." During the remainder of our ride to Louisville, Jess proceeded to snow me under with his argumentative sales talk. In parting, I promised to tell our corner drug-store man back home about the device, and to have him order some.

The next morning I was able to accomplish my business in a shorter time than I had expected, so, upon meditation, I resolved to "see the sights." I chose to walk, and thereby save my nickels. Accordingly, I set out afoot in the direction of the river. I happened to recollect that I had proinised my young-un to buy her some sheet music while I was gone, so I dropped into the "Hower Music Store," one of the finest in "Looa-vul," and purchased the promised number. Aline Hower? Yes, it's her store. Ch, of course her name isn't Hower any more, as it was deemed wiser not to change the name of the store, too. After a short and cheerful chat with the proprietress, I ambled out and on down the street.

My itinerary chanced to lead me past the county jail. I decided to wander in and casually look the place over, since I saw by the bulletin on the door that it was visitor's day. I amused myself by strolling about through the numerous cell-lined corridors for a while, and was preparing to take my leave when I chanced to encounter Revenue Officer Root. After exchanging a friendly salute he took my arm and led me off towards one of the corridors. "Something to show you," he told me. We climbed to the second floor and traversed a corridor bounded by the padded cells. Coming to a halt in front of especially strongly barred cell, Officer Root jerked his thumb toward the far corner of the dingy cage. Lo, and behold (lest my eyes deceived me), W. Main. The culprit, reposing upon a soap-box, was engaged in perusing a copy of "The Police Gazette." He seemed loath to indulge in coversation, so Officer Root and I tarried but

a short time. Arnim unfolded the story to me of how he had trailed Mr. Main and his cohorts all over the wilds of Kentucky in order to catch them, jail them, and apprehend the whereabouts of their mammoth still. The deed had been accomplished the week before, and the "Main Gang" in all probability would soon belong to the "Chain Gang." Root said he felt sure of this, because they were to be tried by Squire Peckinpaugh. Squire Peckinpaugh had a reputation of being death upon moonshiners. Arnim informed me that he and the Hon. Mark had cleaned up close to fifteen thousand dollars in the last year from confiscated moonshine liquor.

That night, as I rolled into bed, I set my mind on arising early in the morning and taking a train for Lexington. I never have been much of a follower of the racetrack sport, but I thought, since I would not in probability meet with this opportunity again of witnessing the great Lexington classics, that I would go.

I need not go into detail in recounting my day at the races. I had a grand and glorious time. The pleasure of the day was topped out by my chance meeting of Dorothy Bookout, Minnie Manifold, Sara Warfel and Etoile Marshall. Oh, yes, they all have different names now, but you wouldn't recognize them in their new names—therefore I use the old ones. Sara, I understood, was there because her—her hubby was. One of their horses was entered in the race. Dorothy? Well, she was there for the same reason I was: She was in a neighboring town, and had decided to witness the races. You know, she is now demonstrator for the Wellas-Bess Cloak and Suit Company of New York. Minnie was there as a guest of the Dandergilts at their weekend house-party. She seemed to be in her usual high spirits, and was giving a gentleman in a checkered suit the once-over, through her lorgnette, when I first noticed her.

Etoile, I found lived at Pittsburg, and was the better-half of a prosperous steel magnate. I was introduced to the worthy gentleman later in the day. They extended a gracious invitation to me to take supper that evening with them, but I found it necessary to refuse, due to the fact that I had to leave on the 5:45 west-bound train.

Well, I got back home all right; and I swear, upon my Doan's Almanac, that before nor since have I ever had as pleasureable a trip as that one. I never dreamed, when I left, that my business trip would net me such an abundance of happy meetings.

However, "There's no place like home."

By NICHOLSON DIMES.

Name:	Answers to:	Wants to be:	Prospects of:
1. Helen Riggs	Ben or Riggsie	Virtuous Vamp	Housekeeper
2. Charles Reppogle	Rep or Charley	President	Garbage Man
3. Aline Hower	Ally? or Bobby?	Music Instructor	Mrs. _____?
4. Arnim Root	Root or Arnicie	Professional Basket Baller	Good
5. Harold Wichterman	Witchie	Pool Shark	Ask H. J.
6. Minnie Manifold	Minnie or ?	Side Pal of G. M.	Excellent
7. Helen Barron	Bun	Married	Ditto
8. Jess Sells	Jessie or Mike	Electrical Engineer	Moonshiner
9. Cecil Deardorff	Doc or Ceese	Medical Surgeon	Medicine Show Employee
10. Pearl Hoover	Liver Tip	Ask Him	Ask Her
11. Etoile Marshall	Her name (queer?)	Don't know	Undecided
12. Rollin Stanley	Stanley or P. J.	Missionary	Williamsburg
13. Sara Warfel	Sara	Suffragette	Anyone can be that, shoot!
14. Fern Stewart	Her name (honest?)	Chorus Girl	No doubt
15. Mark Peckinpaugh	Peck or Red	Chief Justice of U. S.	Hobo
16. Walter Main	Walt or Jiggs	Civil Engineer	Head Surveyor of U. S.
17. Dorothy Bockout	Toppie	Mrs. Woods	Best ever

## SENIOR SOCIAL NEWS.

Although the Seniors have been very busily engaged in hard work, we have found a little spare time for a few social activities.

We started out the school activities by a wiener roast near Jacksonburg. It was an inter-class affair, chaperoned by Miss Rounds, Miss Willis and Mr. Pitts. Everyone enjoyed this one so much that in a few weeks we again assembled in the woods with plenty of wieners and marshmallows for another good time. Owing to the seeming hungrieness of some mysterious unknowns, we were unable to find our wieners when we had our fire ready for them. Oh! well, children will be children.

We next turned our attention to a surprise party at the home of Sara Warfel. Music, games and dancing were features of the evening. It was a success although Sara wasn't much surprised.

The next number on our social calendar was the Hallowe'en social given at the school house. The Seniors were in charge of the Social. Each class had a room where everyone was well entertained. One of the most interesting features of the evening was the fortune-telling.

The Lyceum which was brought to Hagerstown this winter was a success so far as the entertainment was concerned. The financial part was not so successful. But even if we did not profit financially by it, we do not regret this time and work which we spent. The first number, the Sorority Singers, composed of vocal and instrumental numbers and reading, was well received. The second number was given November 15. It was a scientific lecture by Dr. Cady. The lecture was illustrated by pictures on the screen. This number was highly entertaining as well as instructive. It was very much appreciated by those interested in science. The third number of the Lyceum was composed of clay modeling, vocal and instrumental music and readings. It was a pleasing entertainment rendered by the Caveny Trio. The last number, The Apollo Saxophone Quartette, was splendid. It was composed of vocal and instrumental selections, both classical and popular.

A few Juniors and Seniors indulged in a New Year's party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pitts. The party was not broken up until nearly noon the next day, so we need no other proof that they had a fine time.

The Seniors gave a class play January 11 and 12. The name of it was "And Home Came Ted." From the financial standpoint it was a great success. From the large attendance both Wednesday and Thursday nights we feel that our efforts were very much appreciated.

One of the social events which we enjoy very much is the Junior-Senior reception which is given for the Seniors every spring. We are looking forward to it with great expectations.

# UNDERCLASSMEN





THE CLASS OF '23

RUTH BENBOW, *President*

GORDON MURRAY, *Sec'y.-Treas.*

## JUNIOR CLASS RETROSPECT.

Some time back in the days which now seem the dark ages, forty-two genuine Freshmen, including lean ones, fat ones, pretty ones, homely ones,—to make it short, all kinds but bad ones, came timidly up the steps of the dear old H. H. S. and enlisted for the duration. That was, we, the class of '23. We were, as I say, everything but bad, yet, there is a single adjective that will describe any one or all of us, that is, to be specific, Green. We do not deny it now, but at that time the present Seniors and some of the other upper classmen were seemingly were unjust. Indeed, at times it seemed to us that they should have been called instead, The Society For the Suppression of Freshman Pride, but since we have attained a higher educational altitude, we have looked back on other "prodigies" and decided that the treatment we received was perfectly just. Like the traditional dog, every Sophomore has his day.

To anyone other than ourselves there was very little happened in that memorable year, but we think that we did, at least a few, very significant things. Early in the year we called our first class-meeting and under the supervision of "Landy" we organized our class. As officers, we elected Ruth Benbow as president, Gordon Murray as secretary and treasurer. As there has been no change in these it is quite evident that the meeting was a success. During the year we lost several members, namely, Virginia Unthank, Pauline Shively, Forrest Hahn, Charles Smith and Norris Souders. Some of these have resumed their school work in other places. Agnes Adriion came into our class that year and has remained with us since.

When we trooped in the next year as Sophomores we were in entirely different spirits for we had, in no way, forgotten that we were now the Suppression Society. But as other responsibilities, such as Geometry and irregular verbs, began to demand our attention we almost forgot our obligations to the recruits and as a consequence let them off easier than is generally expected. It is perhaps well that we did for this was the hardest year for the most of us. Again we lost a few of our members: Glen Johnsonbaugh, Elmer Temple, Leona Petty, Marguerite Wadman, Florence Wine and George Cain left us. To compensate the loss we gained Blanche Petty, Douglas Pierce, Eva White, Crville Sherry, Edith McCracken and David Lilly. We succeeded in getting through the year without actually coming to blows with Geometry but many wondered at the success.

When we came back this, the present year, we found Edith McCracken had moved away and would no longer be a member of our class and school. By outside work with the intention of graduating with the Seniors we will lose Charles Replogle, Cecil Deardorff, and Vearl Hoover. Early in the fall we began to think of our future obligations to the Seniors and gave a social. Later we gave a successful class vaudeville. The proceeds of both are to apply on the expenses of the Junior-Senior reception. We have contracted to manage the Lyceum for the next year. About Christmas we gave our pride a stimulant by buying our class pins, the best of school remembrances.

We have in each year tried to do our best with our eventual problems and believe that we have done, at least, fairly well. We believe that the respect we have for the faculty and for our brother students is mutual. The rest, of course, can be no more than hopes and prophecy. We hope that we may be able to serve the Seniors well in their last and best days at good old Hagerstown High School,—to entertain them at the reception, to assist their friends at the commencement and to be their waiters at the Alumni Banquet. We prophesy that we will be able to equal their dignity and maintain theirs or a better standard next year.

### CLASS ROLL.

Agnes Adriion	Ruth Dutro	Helen Replogle
Claircie Benson	Omar Davidson	George Wogoman
Ruth Benbow	Ruth Gladfelter	Herman Teetor
Charles Bunnell	Allen Harris	Garnet Vores
Rhoda Cain	Russell Hayes	David Lilly
Eva White	Guy Johnson	Lloyd Burkett
Thomas Cheesman	Hazel Raffe	Harry Ulrich
Keith Farlow	Douglas Pierce	Blanch Petty
Thelma Chadwick	Gordon Murray	Harvey Petty
Mary Dutro	Wilfred Knapp	

THE CLASS OF '24

ELLEN HOOVER, Sec'y.-Treas.

HELEN SCOTT, President



## SOPHOMORE CLASS RETROSPECT.

We entered H. H. S. as Freshmen in September ,1920, as green as anyone could be. We had all the classes laughing at us, but before a month had passed we had lost most of our greenness.

There were fifty-three of us, which was the largest Freshman class ever entered in H. H. S. until this year. We soon held a meeting and elected Raymond Weber as president, Ellen Hoover as treasurer, and Dudley Cain as secretary, chose pink and white as our colors and sweet peas as the flowers. At the end of the school year we had lost only four members.

In September, 1921, after a glorious vacation, we again climbed the worn stairs of our dear old H. H. S., as Sophomores. We elected Helen Scott as president, Ellen Hoover as secretary and treasurer, and chose maroon and old gold as our colors and American Beauty roses as the class flowers.

During the first semester Martha Wisehart left us and in the second semester George Thralls. At the opening of the second semester we were very glad to enroll two new members, Howard Marlatt and Glen Johnsonbaugh, making our class as follows:

Raymond Weber	Helen Scott	Ellen Hoover
Dudley Cain	Margaret Clampitt	Marfield Cain
Olga Thalls	Jeanette Hoover	Edith Thalls
Hazel Foulke	Kenneth Downing	La Verne Hart
Rudolph Kirby	Anna Rinehart	Marjorie Marlatt
Helen Rhoades	Luther Dines	Ruth Wisehart
Lillie Wood	Winnogene La Velle	Smith Doughty
Emma Jean Smith	Chester Phenis	Ruth Moss
Carl Stohler	Wilbur May	Thelma McGrew
Maurice Cromer	Mary Smith	Fern Swoveland
Josephine Foyst	Mary Bland	Clarence Thompson
Gretchen Gauntt	Wanda Ulrich	Floyd Bell
Edith Conway	Dimple Bookout	Howard Marlatt
Glen Johnsonbaugh	Harold May	Barbara Hammer

Although we have had a very successful term, we are all looking forward to our Junior year, where more responsibilities will be placed upon our shoulders to test our strength. We are hoping to meet next year and have the same old class, but have a new school building in which to continue to pursue the Lamp of Knowledge.

THE CLASS OF '25

ELENORA WISSLER, President

CHARLES FORKNER, Sec'y.-Treas.



## FRESHMAN CLASS RETROSPECT.

On the 6th day of September, 1921, sixty-two boys and girls gathered in the assembly room of the old school building ready to begin their career as High School students. We have lost a few of our class-mates since then, but we are still the largest class in the Hagerstown High School. As high school life was altogether new to us, we were a source of great amusement to our upper-classmen for a while, but when we became acquainted with our teachers, and got our classes arranged, we began to try to show old H. H. S. that although we were a little backwards we had the school spirit.

After about three weeks of school our class met and elected for our class president, Elenor Wissler, for vice-president, Gordon Parsons, and for class secretary and treasurer, Charles Forkner. We chose old rose and silver for our class colors and sweet peas for our class flowers.

As the Freshman Class of 1921 is the largest class that has ever entered Hagerstown High School, it can easily be foreseen that with the school spirit the class is showing that we will not only be great in number but that we will also be great in deeds. We are very well represented in the different lines of school life, having members of the class represented in the Orchestra, Second Basket Ball Team, Widespread Staff, Board of Control, and the H. H. S. Band.

The members of the Freshman Class are:

Richard Bohannon	Charles Forkner	Pauline Kuhn
Freeda Benbow	Virginia Gilmore	Pauline Knapp
Louise Burgess	Mildred Gladfelter	Joseph Harlan
James Barron	David Carpenter	Garver Brown
Charles Burgess	George Clampitt	Nannie Raffe
Dorothy Broomback	Edna Bernhardt	Josephine Small
Pauline Bolser	Mary Rinehart	Willie Weaver
Robert Carpenter	Mary June Ramsey	Kenneth Thornburg
Albert Cooms	Cyril Strickler	Virginia White
Katherine Johnson	Guy Scruggs	Lulu May Wood
Hilda Jones	Laurence Pitman	Lelan Yoke
Mable Hardwick	Dorothy Porter	Hannah Woolard
Alta Hoover	Lucille Pierce	Elenor Wissler
Clark Gordon	Gordon Parsons	Ruth Reogle
Virgil Hunt	Cra Murray	Clem Paul
Ola Chamness	Evelyn Kelly	Jerome Reynolds
Georgia Holiday	Marcella Pierce	Robert Werking
Robert Endsley	Jyle May	Leonard Culey
	Homcr Laudig	



THE JUNIOR HIGH

## THE JUNIOR HIGH RETROSPECT.

Several youngsters were seen wandering upstairs on that memorable first day of school among them Mr. Hanen. Doubtless, he decided that Hagerstown expected every person to find his place and fill it. At any rate, he came upon the all-important Donald Martin whose good judgment told him that this might be the "new teacher," and not a Dalton township Freshman. Soon everybody rushed for their prospective seats and late comers were sorry to find that they sat up in front.

We got under way to do as we pleased as long as we pleased to do as the teacher wished, and sailed in fair seas until one of our number, Mr. John Mathers, was taken from us by sickness.

At intervals more or less regular those "tests" came when we all were forced to admit we had our Waterloo. Thanksgiving came and Christmas with its horrible exams, and the prophecy of the Book was fulfilled in one being taken and the other left.

Community Hall echoed with the sound of our voices as Wicky made a basket; and admirers and rooters saw our banners gleam at the tournament.

Then came that change of program when Miss McCracken, whose patience was worn to a frazzle by those trying Freshies, came to ride us terribly (if we didn't work).

We Manual trained the planes, at least, Jean Stonecipher did, for he tried nine times in three weeks to find a plane that would work without pushing. We were saving, too, of our elbow grease.

We, the eights, welcomed the sevens to our presence and expect them to pass the good old fashioned Junior High Welcome to others for we aim to be regulars to those glorious Tuesday afternoon affairs when we come to the auditorium of our New Building.

Yes, we've been treated fairly, reasonably so? Still when you consider that a fellow has those sleepy Indian Summer days, bad winter colds and spring fever and school together we really did deserve our good grades and can thus account for the good nature of Mr. Hanen.

We are now about to try a new work, vacation, and we highly resolve that we shall make the Purple and Gold shine higher than ever before; that we will push the Cart of Progress harder and be to our next year's teachers the well-nigh impossible, "model students."

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## SOCIAL NOTES.

The Freshmen, like the other classmen, have had few social activities. In the early fall they indulged in a weiner roast in a grove south of town. The affair was chaperoned by Miss Rounds and Miss Willis. As this was a very enjoyable affair they next planned a farewell party for Helen Fleming. This party was well attended and everyone had a wonderful time.

The Freshmen displayed their patriotism to the Seniors when they announced it their intention to give a box social. This box social was in the hands of the Freshmen but each class helped in the program. The box social was a success financially and we believe that everyone enjoyed the affair in spite of the trick that the weather played on us.

Although the Sophomores have been very busy this year they have had a few minutes to spend in social activities away from the weary hum-drum of school life. One of the most interesting features of the year was the Hallowe'en social given by the Seniors to which the Sophomores contributed a side-show composed of the "World's Fattest Lady," the "Bloodless Operation" and a world-wide famous Zoo and Museum.

Everyone surely remembers the horns which were sold at the invitational tourney. They were quite a success so far as the noise was concerned.

The Sophomores staged a one-act playlet at the Freshman box social. It was loudly applauded and everyone was surprised at the excellent actors and actresses who participated in this playlet, and were glad to find such talent in our midst.

The class divided itself into two sections for a contest in selling "Epitomes." The side selling the most annuals was given a wonderful spread by the losers.

The Juniors have had more to do in the way of school responsibility this year and have consequently had little time for social stunts. They gave a Vaudeville in the early part of February. This was different from anything ever given by any class heretofore, but we have heard that variety is the spice of life. The vaudeville was a financial success and the evening was a very enjoyable one for the audience and also those who participated in the vaudeville (?).

When the Seniors gave the Hallowe'en social, the Juniors gave an entertainment in one of the rooms. Herman Teetor and Gordon Murray, in striking costumes, gave a musical program, which we know was well worth the admission fee, by the peals of laughter which came from the room.

At the tournament the Juniors sold crackerjack. It wasn't very much of a success financially, but as they were excused from classes one afternoon to make the crackerjack, they call it time well spent.

The Junior Class has started a movemecial on the school ground. As is the usual case, the weather was bad, but it was well attended and it was quite a success.

The Junior Class has started a movement to bring the Lyceum Course to Hagers-town next year, so remember and buy your ticket and help them out.

# CALENDAR

Sept. 5.—Opening and signing up Attendance 155.

Sept. 6.—A few Freshies only 60 enrolled.

Sept. 7.—Program try-out; few conflicts.

Sept. 9.—Freshman Initiation was quite f-f-funny because some thought they would just get a f-f-few licks but they got f-f-fooled.

Sept. 12.—Lots of pep for Monday.

Sept. 13.—Thomas Cheesman's is victorious in his campaign for Glee Club Presidency.

Sept. 15.—English I, Virginia White; "Love doesn't mean anything in tennis."

Sept. 16.—Beginning of Tennis Tournament.

Sept. 19.—Quizzes are getting to be quite popular.

Sept. 20.—"Stick to High School," by Mr. Wissler.

Sept. 21.—A talk on Responsibility by Mr. Wiant, which was enjoyed very much by everyone.

Sept. 22.—We were entertained the first hour by Mr. Marshall from Indiana Central College of Indianapolis, with several selection from Merchant of Venice and a couple of selections of a comic nature.

Sept. 23.—Physical Geography Class goes on a scoot to Abington. Lots of eats.

Sept. 26.—Quizzes are getting more than popular—that is, with the teachers only.

Sept. 27.—Douglas P.: "Did I sneeze on you Miss Rounds? Te-he-he-haw-he-he!"

Sept. 28.—Members elected for Board of Control. Representative from each class nominate members of the Widespread staff.

Sept. 30.—Election of members of Widespread staff. Seniors were shot, but by a kodak.

Oct. 4.—First meeting of Widespread staff.

Oct. 5.—Lyceum proposition giving a real boost

Oct. 6.—Miss Willis: "We are enjoying the whistling solo very much, especially from Juniors and Seniors."

First months' report cards are given out. Some began C-ing things as C's.

Oct. 7.—The Earlhamites return to Earlham. Homesick, I guess.

Oct. 9.—V. W: "We had a stag party the other night, too"

Oct. 10.—Basket-ball is beginning to show up a little north of the school house.

Oct. 11.—Celebration of Riley and Discovery Day at Music period. What kind of a drum is a bass drum, Laverne?

Oct. 12.—What makes Kieth so sweet that all the flies bother him?

Oct. 13.—Horse shoe tournament starts.

Oct. 14.—Say, Sara, let's go to Richmond to see that show.

Oct. 17.—Bookkeeping class—BAH! Say, Harvey, you make a good calf.

Oct. 18—Omar Davidson tardy for the first time since yesterday.

Oct. 19—Some soft English for Seniors to-day.

Oct. 20-21—Vacation for two days. State Teachers' Association.

Oct. 22—Everybody sleepy. I wonder? Why Monday of course.

Oct. 23—First Lyceum number—a real success.

Oct. 24—Say, Harvey, wasn't the Lyceum funny last night? Where did you get it any way?

Oct. 27—Everybody oh! so sleepy. Wonder why? Ask Guy what time it was—he knows.

Oct. 28—Basket-ball game with Lewisville. Tough luck boys, but you got the real stuff in you.

Oct. 29—Hallowe'en social given by Seniors. We'll sure have to hand it to the Juniors, especially to the grand Mexican general and his large army.

Oct. 31—Everybody still talking basket-ball. That's right—lot's of pep!

Nov. 1—Miss Neff is still testing the boys' voices in the Glee Club. Allen, you have a wonderful voice.

Nov. 2—We get our first issue of the Widespread. Not much force but it will succeed.

Nov. 4—Everybody planning to go to Spiceland, even our band.

Nov. 5—Miss \_\_\_\_\_ to Mr. Pitts: "Here's your hat and coat, what's your hurry?"

Nov. 7—Miss Rounds, standing with her finger on the button: "The bell's ringing." Not a sound can be heard. Say, Miss Rounds, you have a good imagination.

Nov. 8—Armistice Day program enjoyed by everyone.

Nov. 9—Everybody think's they're going to be snowed under. Our first big snow.

Nov. 10—Mark: "You cannot make a perfect vacuum." Gordon, pointing toward Mark's head: "There's one."

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Everybody staying home. I wonder why? Why, no school, of course.

Nov. 14—Everybody gets their mug shot.

Nov. 15—Miss Rounds sure likes to grade papers. She gave another Book-keeping quiz. Some high grades.

Nov. 16—Seniors have a class meeting. They decide to give a play.

Nov. 17—Some game with Kennard. We only beat them 44-8.

Nov. 21—Beginning of Community Hall. Huray now for basket-ball.

Nov. 22—News that there will be no school Friday.

Nov. 24—We enter tourney at Fountain. Cambridge wins, but wait until we get another chance at them.

Nov. 25—We beat Middletown 29 to 19. You tell 'em we can beat them.

Nov. 28—First rehearsal of our play of "And Home Came Ted."

Nov. 29—We play New Castle at New Castle. A real game. N. C. 18—H. S. 12. Best yet.

Nov. 30—We all get our mugs shot for annual.

Dec. 2—Poor Centerville. We beat them only 38-10.

Dec. 3—Juniors all looking forward to getting their class pins.

Dec. 6—Boys' Glee Club gets their mugs shot again. Somebody had their legs crossed the first time.

Dec. 7—Juniors planning to give a vaudeville.

Dec. 8—Play practice.

Dec. 9—Well, one more victim added to our list. Cambridge 17—H. H. S. 25.

Dec. 12—Wichy getting quite popular with the girls. Oh say! Freshies.

Dec. 13—Third number of Lyceum—Caveny Company.

Dec. 14—Teacher: What is a radio station?

Hazel F: A place where they make radium.

Dec. 15—Mr. Pitts and Miss Willis are looking forward to Christmas. I wonder why.

Dec. 16—No game this week-end—weak-end.

Dec. 19—I wonder what makes Eva blush when she comes in the Commercial Room.

Dec. 20—A Christmas program was given. Enjoyed by everyone. Several visitors present.

Dec. 21—Helen R. goes to Richmond to see Santa Claus. Did he say he would bring you something if you were a nice little girl?

Dec. 22—Examinations seem to be quite popular to-day.

Dec. 23—Only one-half day of school.

Dec. 25—Mr. Pitts is married.

Dec. 30—One more victory. H H. S. 38—Kennard 7.

Dec. 31—Knightstown 12—H. H. S. 31.

Dec. 31 and Jan. 1—A New Year's party call on Mr. Pitts and family.

Jan. 2—Back at school. Everyone still looks sleepy from New Year's Dedication of community hall.

Jan. 3—Miss Willis not back on the job. Mrs. Pennington substituting.

Jan. 4—Miss Rounds also showing a diamond. I guess everyone has the fever.

Jan. 5—Centerville defeated. Centerville 16—Hagerstown 39.

Jan. 6—Economy meets their defeat.

Jan. 8—We missed Harvey for several days. We couldn't see him for his mustache.

Jan. 9—Bill is calling himself a man. He also got a misplaced eyebrow.

Jan. 10—Seniors get off two days for dress rehearsal for the play.

Jan. 12—The play a real success.

Jan. 13—Mrs. Pennington leaves. Reports are given out for the first semester's work.

Jan. 14—Defeated. H. H. S. 19—Knightstown 20.

Jan. 16—Miss Billy Miller of Earlham College gave some readings before the general assembly.

Jan. 17—Mr. Walter Ratliff, member of the Wayne County Historical Society tells pioneer stories.

Jan. 18—Change of program.

Jan. 19—Everyone looking forward to tournament.

Jan. 20—Juniors and Seniors get off to get ready for tournament.

Jan. 21—Tournament a big day. Hagerstown victorious.

Jan. 23—Mr. Poston taking Mrs. Pennington's place.

Jan. 24—Miss Neff is ill. Mr. Shumate, evangelist, gives a few songs accompanied by Mrs. Hower on piano.

Jan. 25—Widespread staff meets and re-organized.

Jan. 26—General assembly—a resurrection of the Widespread. Beany Benbow gets her first calling-down in high-school.

Jan. 27—Cambridge defeated once more. H. H. S. 21—Cambridge 9.

Jan. 30—Miss Rounds and Miss Neff back after illness.

Jan. 31—Senior class have a meeting. The following are discussed: Commencement, invitations, baccalaureate—where, when, which, how, why, etc.

Feb. 1—Annual proposition put before H. S. Subscription blanks are passed out.

Feb. 2—Secret conference held in hall. Wonder what it was all about. Ask Chester Phenis, I think he remembers.

Feb. 3—Well, Middletown, you're good, but not good enough for us. Hagerstown 42—Middletown 29.

Feb. 4—A real match. Lizton 11—Hagerstown 10.

Feb. 6—Last number of Lyceum—Apollo Saxaphone Quartette.

Feb. 7—Juniors decide to bring Lyceum to town next year.

Feb. 8—Juniors give vaudeville.

Feb. 9—Some of the seniors must have T. B. Now, girls, I think you might ask us to go along. Who? I mean H. R. H. B.

Feb. 10—Did we beat Spiceland? I say we did. Spiceland 13—H. H. S. 22.

Feb. 13—Everyone looking forward to our game with New Castle.

Feb. 14—Miss Neff gives a lecture on the types and evolution of American music.

Feb. 15—Eng. III—Mr. Poston thinks some of his students are such wonderful readers.

Feb. 16—Some wish it would rain; our Civics is getting so dry.

Feb. 17—New Castle beats us but they sure had to go some. Only 37-30.

Feb. 20—Some students think Mr. Wissler would make a good dog-catcher. We might give him a trial any way.

Feb. 21—Sophomore class 100% for the subscription of Epitome.

Feb. 22-23—The Junior vaudeville a real success.

Feb. 24—The bonds for our new school sold to-day.

Feb. 25—Freshman Box Social a success, but the boxes more of a success.

Feb. 27—We have a real Widespread now. Financial conditions much better. Balance in treasury—\$43.14.

Feb. 28—Charles B. has a new red devil as he figures he will have to be traveling between here and Parker soon.

Mar. 1—Everyone looking forward to the tournament.

Mar. 2—Mr. Stahr talks about basketball and the team. Says the team is going faster than ever before.

Mar. 3-4—Tournament Friday and Saturday. Richmond defeated by Connersville Saturday afternoon. Hagerstown plays in the finals with Connersville but is defeated. Hagerstown said to have played best and cleanest games at the sectional meet.

Mar. 6—Miss McCracken to Virginia G.: "You and Witchy are getting too sweet."

Mar. 7—Mr. Ray, of Richmond, gave us a talk on the great men of America.

Mar. 8—Fine spring days. Everybody feeling fine.

Mar. 9—Six seniors with the spring fever and played hooky. Sugar water was running fine.

Mar. 10—Seniors have a class meeting and contract for the Madrigal Glee Club of Earlham.

Mar. 13—Sara W. looked quite happy. We hear she has a new sister.

Mar. 14—We have a wireless program during the music period.

Mar. 15—Vacation in Physical Geography class once more. Teacher absent.



STUCK????



FLOWER GARDEN



GOOD, GOOD



SHAME ON YOU



MAIN? OH! DANVILLE



GONE? FORGOTEN?



STRONG FENCE



Bill



GUESS!



MINNIE'S SUBSTITUTE



SOME BIRDS EH!



POSING



CAUGHT IN THE ACT



COUNTIN' TREES

LICENSE FOR?



HUNT?



HANENO & FRIENDS



REP & WALT



FANCY STUFF



GO EASY SON







## COURSE OF STUDY

Three courses of study are offered in our high school. They may be designated as Academic, Practical Arts, and Commercial Courses. The Academic course leads to college entrance, the Practical Arts course gives an opportunity to emphasize Manual Arts, Domestic Arts, and Agriculture and the Commercial Course offers an elementary business training. Pupils who expect to go to college are urged to learn the entrance requirements of the college which they expect to enter. Thirty-two credits are required for graduation.

## GENERAL REQUIREMENTS.

(Major means three years and minor two years.)

Academic high school subjects required of all:

- (1) One major consisting of English.
- (2) A second major selected from mathematics, foreign language, science or history; or two minors selected from the same range of studies.
- (3) One year in each of the following subjects must be included in above, or taken as additional work:
  - (a) Mathematics, one year. Either formal or applied mathematics.
  - (b) Science, one year.
  - (c) History, which may include civics, one year.

The following represents a suggestive group of subjects in each year of the courses offered:

ACADEMIC		PRACTICAL ARTS		COMMERCIAL	
<i>Ninth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Ninth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Ninth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
English	2	English	2	English	2
Algebra	2	Algebra	2	Algebra	2
Foreign Language (Spanish or Latin)	2	Foreign Language (Spanish or Latin)	2	Foreign Language (Spanish or Latin)	2
General Science or Manual Training or	2	General Science or Manual Training or	2	General Science or Manual Training or	2
Domestic Science	2	Domestic Science	2	Domestic Science	2
Music	$\frac{1}{4}$	Music	$\frac{1}{4}$	Music	$\frac{1}{4}$
<i>Tenth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Tenth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Tenth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
English	2	English	2	English	2
Geometry	2	Geometry	2	Geometry	2
Foreign Language	2	Foreign Language	2	Foreign Language	2
Early European History	2	Early European History	2	Commercial Geog.	1
Music	$\frac{1}{4}$	Adv. M. T. & Mechan- ical Draw. Adv. Dom. Science	2	Typewriting Music	1
<i>Eleventh Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Eleventh Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Eleventh Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
English	2	English	2	English	2
Adv. Algebra	1	Modern History	2	Physics	2
Solid Geometry	1	Physical Geography	2	Com. Arithmetic	2
Foreign Language	2	Physics	2	Bookkeeping	2
Modern History	2	Agriculture	2	Typewriting	1
Physical Geography.	2	Music	$\frac{1}{4}$	Stenography Music	2
Physics	2				
Music	$\frac{1}{4}$				
<i>Twelfth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Twelfth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Twelfth Year</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
English	2	English	2	English	2
U. S. History	1	U. S. History	1	U. S. History	1
Civics	1	Civics	1	Civics	1
Physics	2	Physics	2	Adv. T. W.	1
Physiology	1	Agriculture	2	Adv. Stenography	2
Com. Arithmetic	2	Com. Arithmetic	2	Com. Law	1
Music	$\frac{1}{4}$	Music	$\frac{1}{4}$	Music	$\frac{1}{4}$



#### BOARD OF CONTROL.

The Board of Control takes care of the High School money bag. All money coming from school activities is in charge of this organization. This Board is composed of six members, four from the student body, the principal, who is chairman, and another faculty representative who acts in the capacity of secretary and treasurer.

As the size of our school has increased, the funds handled by the classes, Athletic Association and the many attendant activities, have grown in proportion, and keeping the dimes and quarters on the correct side of the ledger has been a task. This work has been done in an excellent manner this year by Miss Rounds, our secretary, whose books show that upwards of \$2,000.00 have passed through the hands of the board. The members of this, our first board of control, are: W. J. Stahr, President; Elizabeth Rounds, Secretary-Treasurer; Aline Hower, Keith Farlow, Raymond Weber, Garver Brown.

## GRADUATES OF HIGH SCHOOL.

	1881.	
John M. Lontz		*Charles W. Mann
	1882.	Frank Newcome
*Frank Wimmer		
*Granville Allen		
	1883.	
Etta Conrad (Trent)		Phebe Knode (Taylor)
Addie Mathews (Bowman)		Eddy Mason
Mollie Knode (Hershberger)		Clement Mason
Ida Starr (Thornburg)		
	1884.	
Katie Presbaugh (Adams)		Lizzie Elliott
Sibyl Pitts (Pratt)		
	1886.	
Pearl Clifton		*Ella Follen
Emma Mathews (Baughman)		Anna Dilling
Otis Parsons		
	1887.	
*Channing Rudy		Clarkson D. Wissler
Irving Blount		
	1888.	
Terry Walker		Frank Mathews
George Dutro		*Katie Kinsey
Frank Zook		Kitura Parsons
Mary Etta Allen (Hayworth)		Ora Conrad
	1889.	
Leora Nicholson (Teeter)		Eva Thurston (Theme)
Della Teeter (Rudy)		
Tina Reogle (Keever)		
	1890.	
Clarence Purdy		Webster Peck
Hattie Ault		Bertha Pitman
	1891.	
*Florence Walker (Kidwell)		Lewis Hoover
Blanche Mathews (Lesh)		*Lazarus Fletcher
	1892.	
John Foutz		Josie Davis (Werking)
Lewis Ulrich		Lulu Deitch
David Woppard		
	1893.	
Ina Ault (Canaday)		Mattie Davis (Roush)
Libbie Keever (Brown)		Moses Keever
*Maggie Ulrich (Dutro)		
	1894.	
Nellie Purdy (Watts)		Maude Mathews
Aurora Cory		Will O. Wissler
	1895.	
Clifford Canaday		James Knapp
Harry Ault		Belle Bunnel
*Stella Fritz		Grace Williams (Stone)
Katie Backinstoe (Copeland)		Daisy Davis (Spencer)

	1896.	
*Mary Davis Clarence Hoover		Mannando Cory (McCabe) Lce Reynolds
	1897.	
Ada Waltz (Feeley) Florence Hoover (Isenberger) Allen Foutz Wilber Davis		*Fred Hines Richard Ressler Ralph Worl
	1898.	
Kitina Rudy (Sells) Adda Thurston (Dingworth) Pattie Allen (Gohring)		Howard Hunter Frank Ault Fred Horine
	1899.	
Mabel Lontz (Ulrich) Blanche Coffman (Love)		Frank Macy
	1900.	
Joshua Allen Charles Ault Ivy Leone Chamness *Mary L. Hines (Murray) Elmer Lumpkin		Jessie Sawer Elnora Strickler (Root) Joseph M. Wissler Charles Woppard Eva May Woppard
	1901.	
Leslie Bookout *Gracie May Chamness (Thornburg) Hattie Carrie Cheesman (Lamar) Ora May Cheesman (Bear) *Emory Hoover Lolo Wimmer (Kellogg)		Martin Hoover Daisy Leavell (Fox) Josie Moore (Werking) Jessie Newcomb (Van Matre) Everett F. Wimmer
	1902.	
Harvey Baldwin Ethel Davis (Hodson) Warren Dennis Edith Geisler Eva Hadley (Helton)		Jyle Jones LeRoy McConnaughey Charles Miller Harry Thalls Ray Weaver
	1903.	
Robert Allen Blanche Dennis (Worl) Clarence Foutz Leona Halderman Jesse Lester Ethel Lontz (Ulrich)		Lawrence Macy Lula Sherry (Scott) Effie Stewart (Coryell) Josephine Ulrich Henry Weber Edith Woppard
	1904.	
LaNella Bavender (Life) Karl Cheesman Della Hoover (Nicholson)		Harry Mills Ione Thornburg (Van Wert) Iva Wimmer (Lyons)
	1905.	
Louis E. Bookout Brown Burns Rebecca Madge Hadley (Cheesman) Alvin Woppard		*Clarence E. Lewis Mabel Clair Teeter (Davis) Earl R. Stewart
	1906.	
Irene Evans Addington (Davis) Carrie E. Allen Carrie Beatrice Miller (Harry)		Walter Hugh Nicholson Carmon N. Sells

1907.

Earl Beeman	Elsie Venner Thornburgh
Hazel L. Dennis (Carson)	Howard D. Gwin
Ivan W. Dilling	Hazel I. Knapp (Siersdorfer)
Maisie M. Hadley (Hutchens)	Harry E. Shultz

1908.

George Bowman	Letha Bowman
Frank Brant	Charles Brown
Jesse Eilar	Ruth Gwinn (Jones)
Elma Kerr	Lewis Kirby
Fay Moore	Myrtle Newcomb (Taylor)
Dorothy Rheinegger (Durbin)	Ralph Teeter
Grace Thalls (Foust)	Edith Weber (Swain)

1909.

Fred Benson	Nellie Brant (Gates)
Nettie Brown	Lulu Brown
Clyde Geisler	Ralph Hughes
Perry Hoover	Annie Hadley (Howell)
Ira Kendrick	Samuel LaMar
Iva Thalls (Johnson)	

1910.

Ruth Allen	Mark Allen
Mildred Cleveland	Sylvia Dennis (Taylor)
Hugh Deardorff	Vera Flemming (Hindman)
Lona Flemming (Otte)	Ira Kendrick
Leora McCullough (Waltz)	Byram Macy
Charlie Waltz	

1911.

Robert Bryson	Irene Cordell (Stover)
*Opal Hoover (Hoel)	Edith Heiney
Eva Roller (Burns)	

1912.

Gladys Barr	Olive Bowman
Cecil Dennis	Florence Johnson (Mitten)
Maud Keiser (Straugh)	Forest Macy
Delmar Mohler	Chester Peirce
Stewart Smith	Lawrence Strickler
Nell Thalls (Coombs)	

1913.

Ruth Brown (Pressel)	Margaret Forkner (Anderson)
Russel Eilar	Bertha Dilling
*Marguerite Gwin	Walker Kidwell
Grace Kirby (Waltz)	Eva Hoover (Allen)
Ruth Johnsonbaugh (Foutz)	Edrie Moore (Bryson)
Minnie Roth	

1914.

Helen Root	*Rhuie McPherson (Landrith)
Nora Thalls (Haggerty)	Grace Walker (Laphrone)
Fred Leavell	Lloyd Gwin

1915.

Cash Foyst	Esther Porter
Vera Bookout (Mohler)	Leona Sella (Ford)
Loring Eilar	Lothair Teetor

Mahlon Rhinehart	Marvel Woolard
Willard Stahr	Norman Waltz
Chester Kever	Paul Werking
Clemmy Miller	Herbert Myers
	1916.
Dewey Bookout	Mildred Northcott (Wilson)
Ruth Cromer	Clarence Sparks
Herbert Doerstler	Maude Sparks
Grace McCullough	John Sherry
Lawrence Mohler	George Sherry
Everett Taylor	Clara Weidman
William Waltz	Alma Waltz (Sherry)
	1917.
Robert B. Stewart	Florence E. Logan
Leslie G. Smith	Gilbert Foyst
Velma Irene Allen	Charles E. Riggs
J. Edwin Purple	Kate E. Duggins (Lilly)
Macy O. Teetor	Ernest M. Pollard
Thelma E. Sells	Dexter Peckinpaugh
Walter V. Wichterman	Gladys Cromer (Parsons)
	1918.
Opal Cox (Meade)	Francis Kever (Weaver)
Marjorie Bohannon	Robert Petty
Farver Endsley	Wilbur Petty
Robert Gray	Helen Pitts
Elsie Hall	Reba Riggs
Doyle Holiday	Harry Shafer
Floyd Hunt	Jean Wichterman
	1919.
Thelma Byrket	Mildred Lontz
Emmet Cordell	Wilbert Rinehart
Frank Farlow	Porter Showalter
Harold Fowler	William Small
Grace Johnsonbaugh	Clarence Stout
Lucille Knorp (Carpenter)	Jesse Weaver
Lucy Williams	
	1920.
Harold Adams	Olive Dilling
Hazel Adams	Byron Forkner
Irene Ballenger	Pauling Innis
Goldie Beeson	Mildred Marlatt
Ressie Clark	Esther Pitts
Elsie Covalt	Eva Raffe
Jesse Ulrich	
	1921.
*Vellet Benbow	Ruth McKinnon
Lola Duggins	Eugene May
Mildred Hayes	Jesse Murray
Louise Hower	Estelle Purdy
Bessie Jones	Jaunita Root
George LeaVelle	Donald Teetor
Dudley Lontz	Blanche Temple

\* Deceased.

## FLIRTING.

Flirting is a branch of human endeavor that is seldom neglected. It is current in all countries, and is most productive where civilization is most advanced. The ingredients are few, one of each of both sexes are the only requirements. Environment, of course, should be considered, but the most successful flirtations are conducted without regard for outside influences. Flirting seldom interests a gang. It's just a matter between a couple, unless pairs predominate. It is the basis for that outside pastime of picking up a Jane.

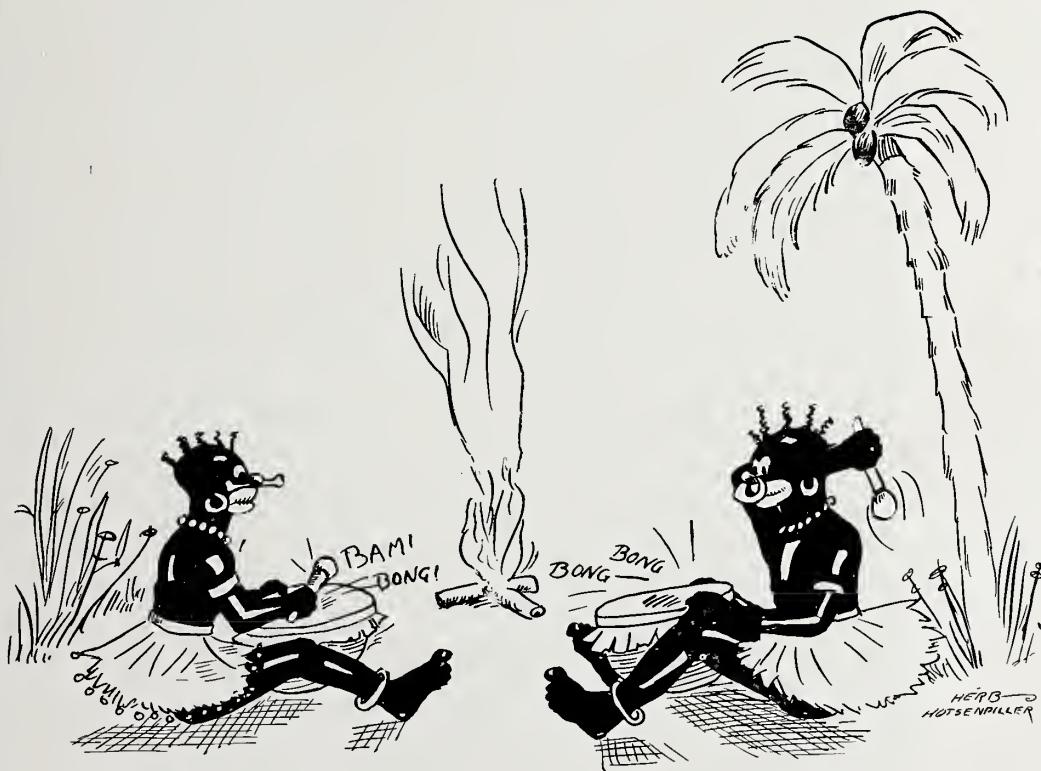
Flirting primarily obviates formality. It is usually done with the eyes. But it is never certain. A good-looking woman may roll her eyes in the most flirtatious manner when her chief concern is that someone hasstepped on her corn. The methods of interpreting flirtations should be accurate. Bad judgment frequently results in discomfort. Also shoulders. And beckons. A nice, healthy beckon insures results. Many a man has flirted satisfactorily, and likewise, to his sorrow. The county clerk has a record of all unsuccessful flirtations.

Flirting is done at the seashore, the main drag, the broad highway, in the elevator or down in the old cherry orchard. It is a diversion until it becomes an obligation. A flirtatious man is soon divorced from his original declarations. Flirting with death is not so exciting as flirting with a woman, but it is much safer. Traveling men are good flirts. So are soldiers and sailors. Just now flirting is not so essential as it used to be. The automobile has stolen much of its kick. Where once it was necessary to go through all the nods and winks and wreathed smiles that led up to a conversation that guaranteed victory, it is only required now that the brakes be applied and the invitation offered, "Hop in, kid."

Flirting is fun if carefully watched. It is expensive on a train where the diner is attached. Some flirt for ecstasy. Others for the thrills. It may be accomplished with the aid of a fan, a handkerchief, or anything else that fills the occasion. A little flirting is a dangerous thing, so is a lot of it. And flirting at all times is like publishing this annual—not everyone can be induced to subscribe.

—Woodyard Kindling.

# MUSIC





HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

## ORCHESTRA ACTIVITIES

Screeching, squeaking and scraping of bows on violins, one tooter blowin' with all his might, instruments called clarinets playing notes that seemed to be read off the music, a big slide and a dip every one in awhile from a "slider" and the waving of arms and stick compose the High School Orchestra for this school year.

This orchestra, with the addition of a trombone, clarinet and violin, over that of last year, is closing not only a successful year, but a more than successful year of harmony and discords. We feel that most of the credit for the harmony made by this musical organization, belongs to our leader, Mr. W. J. Stahr. Although he had many other things to look after, Mr. Stahr always found time to give the orchestra its weekly dose.

The orchestra's services were requested for many school affairs, such as the Senior Class Play, Junior Vaudeville, Parent-Teachers' Meeting, and for several Chorus Assembly periods, when special programs were given. We also played for Farmers Institute, afternoon and evening. Of course, we would rather have gone to school, but as this was not possible, we tried to enjoy ourselves, and I believe we succeeded. In December, we enjoyed a journey of exploration into the wilds of Millville, playing for "soup" as we expressed it. That is, soup was the main feature of the pay for this trip. We love to explore, even if it is only for soup, and with the coming commencement activities, we are looking forward to more exploration trips this spring.

Some of the pieces learned this year were pieces that required much effort and practice, especially so our "Jonah" the "Three Captains." This one piece of music has caused more "sinking feelings" than any other piece ever played. We have played safe in saying, in a very creditable manner, this piece several times, we believe we are as no one was seen leaving during the performance.

The work in the orchestra has been a pleasure to the members and we hope has been a pleasure to the listeners as well.

The members of the orchestra are:

W. J. Stahr, *Director*

*Violins*

Aline Hower  
Dorothy Deardorff  
Pauline Knapp

*Clarinets*

Gordon Murray  
Homer Laudig

*Cornet*

Cecil Deardorff  
Wilber May

*Flute*

Herman Teator

*Cello*

Helen Reogle

*Trombone*

Stanley Murray

*Piano*

Ruth Benbow



### BAND ACTIVITIES

Although handicapped by the loss of our esteemed leader, Mr. Gates, who accepted a position as Director of Music in Piqua, Ohio, we have kept the organization together, throughout the winter. The band was organized in 1920 by Mr. Gates. We started out as a twenty-piece band, but have dwindled to seventeen at present. Our chief aim and ambition was to go to Richmond to the basket-ball tourney in '21, but could not do this as we had not practiced enough.

We played several places during the summer and fall. The band put on a series of out-door concerts during August and September, paid for by the merchants of Hagerstown.

The high spot in our career was reached when we played for the military funeral of "Buddy" Frazier.

When our basket-ball team won the invitational tournament, held here, they attributed their success, partially, to the "pep" instilled into them by the band. We have also played for some of the other home games.

## CHORUS ASSEMBLIES

From the first chorus assembly held at the beginning of this school year, these music periods have been the source of the life and spirit of H. H. S. This music work has not only been of interest to those already interested in music, but it has cultivated in everyone a desire to learn and to appreciate music, teachers as well as pupils.

Our first work was with songs in a music memory contest, that was being held in city schools at that time. This proved to be profitable work, as we were not only to learn the name of the song and composer but to be able to recognize it when heard. Our instruction is in part and union singing of many different types of songs, as folk, patriotic, marches, popular, and art songs.

Several times, Miss Neff has used the Victrola to represent different kinds of music, and in this way we were enabled to hear the most talented artists, where otherwise it would not have been our pleasure to hear selections of this nature. By this method, "The Types of Evolution of American Music" was illustrated. This lecture was composed of eleven different ages of American Music from the earliest forms of Indian music down to the music of today, each age being illustrated by a Victrola record.

On the different holidays of the school year special programs were held. Music, readings and talks were enjoyed by those not participating. The orchestra's services were requested, so with an eagerness to help they rendered several selections on the different occasions. The speakers for this year have proved to be exceptionally fine. Among those were: Messers Strayer, Hartley, Chadwick, Ratliff, Brown, Study and Ray. On another occasion, Miss Billy Miller entertained us with readings.

Miss Neff has brought to us music work of such type, that it is equal to and better than that found in many Universities. Our appreciation and interest for this work is unlimited, and we have tried to co-operate and work with Miss Neff as she strove to enlighten us in regards to this line of work.

This music work has not been for the purpose of making musicians of all of us, but to cultivate in us a desire to learn the better music, enable us to take part in chorus work, to teach us to become intelligent listeners to good music as heard in concerts, and to learn to really appreciate good music.

We have been glad to have with us this year such a competent music instructor as Miss Neff for our work, and we feel that if any line of work has been a success, the music heads the list.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

## THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized under the supervision of the music director, Miss Neff, at the beginning of this school year, with a number far exceeding that of last year. Fifty-six girls became members, with officers elected as follows: Ruth Benbow, president; Sara Warfel, vice-president; Josephine Foyst, secretary; Aline Hower, treasurer.

The forty minutes devoted to the Club work each week, has been a period looked forward to from one Monday to the next. Miss Neff says the one trouble with our singing is that we sing too loud and make too much noise. We have tried to use the soft pedal, but we are sure no one with such musical inspiration in them as we have had can lock up the music. Although working under this difficulty, we have tried, and hope all of our efforts have not been in vain. New books were purchased this year making our enthusiasm for singing still greater, as these books are much better than the old ones.

Our public appearances have not been numerous, except for a Parent-Teachers' Meeting, a few appearances before the High School Assembly, and a concert to be held in the spring.

Glee Club work is of great value to the pupil, as it is a means by which a pupil may be drilled in part singing, the instructor having more time to help the individuals that desire and need help.

Many girls enjoy singing much more than recitations, that they are very lucky to have at that hour. This partly accounts for our enlarged membership.

The Club work has been profitable and although we do not have any promising McCormicks with us, who knows how many Galli-Curcis may develop from this musical organization.

## Glee membership:

Martha Allen	Ruth Gladfelter	Nannie Raffe
Agnes Adrion	Mildred Gladfelter	Hazel Raffe
Helen Barron	Georgia Holaday	Anna Rinehart
Ruth Benbow	Ellen Hoover	Mary Rinehart
Freeda Benbow	Jeanette Hoover	Helen Rhoades
Edna Bernhardt	Barbara Hammer	Helen Riggs
Mary Bland	La Verne Harter	Ruth Replogle
Dorothy Bookout	Aline Hower	Josephine Small
Louise Burgess	Hilda Jones	Emmajean Smith
Rhoda Cain	Pauline Knapp	Fern Stewart
Margaret Clampitt	Winnogene La Velle	Fern Swoveland
Edith Conway	Minuie Manifold	Olga Thalls
Thelma Chadwick	Marjorie Marlatt	Sara Warfel
Mary Dutro	Etoile Marshall	Virginia White
Ruth Dutro	Ruth Moss	Eleanor Wissler
Josephine Foyst	Marcella Pierce	Lillie Wood
Hazel Foulke	Lucile Pierce	Lula Wood
Virginia Gilmore	Dorothy Porter	Hannah Woolard
Dorothy Brumback	Mary June Ramsey	



#### BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Immediately after Miss Neff's advent into our school, this year, as music instructor she organized the Boy's Glee Club. Officers were elected as follows: Thomas Cheesman, president; Jesse Sells, vice-president; Charles Reppogle, secretary; Gordon Murray, treasurer.

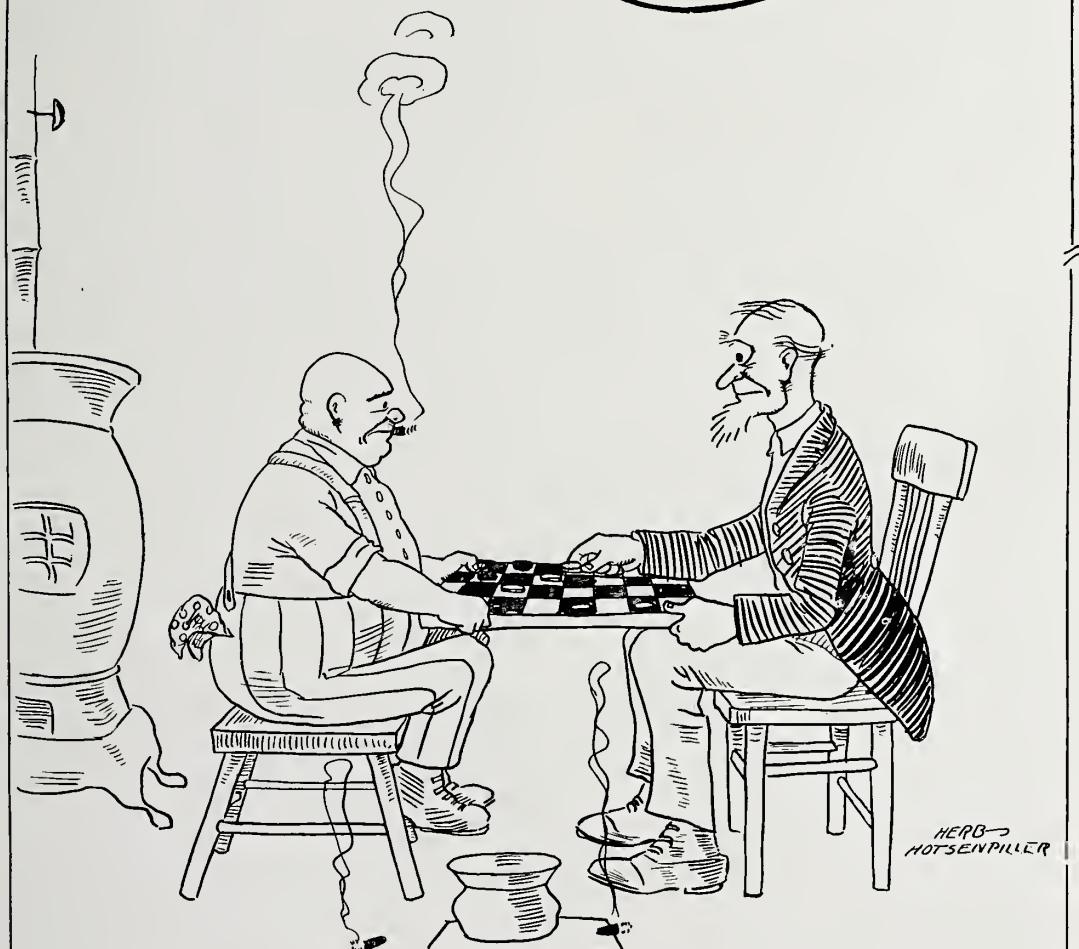
Although the school as a whole was a bit dubious about the way we boys sang, they encouraged us in our occasional flights of harmony, especially when we gave a special program at the regular Tuesday assembly. We are invited to participate in a concert to be held this spring and are working with zeal and interest on the pieces.

In addition to a goodly number of old "war horses," we have some promising McCormicks, who were discovered for the first time this season. This year's organization promises more real merit and musical ability than any previous one.

The members are:

Garver Brown	Joseph Harlan	Wilbur May
Charles Bunnell	Vearl Hoover	Jyle May
Lloyd Burkett	Guy Johnson	Gordon Murray
Charles Burgess	Wilfred Knapp	Ora Murray
Dudley Cain	Rudolph Kirby	Mark Peckimpbaugh
Marfield Cain	Homer Laudig	Douglas Pierce
Thomas Cheesman	David Silly	Charles Reppogle
Maurice Croner	Harold Marlatt	Jerome Reynolds
George Clampitt	Russell Hayes	Harold Wichterman

# ATHLETICS





THE SQUAD

## THE SQUAD

In the spring of '21, the prevailing opinion was that the team of '21-'22 would not be up to the standard set by the "Victory Five," but Coach Bill told us otherwise. His prediction was fulfilled, as our present squad is the best one that ever represented Hagerstown High on a basket-ball floor.

When it was about time to open our basket-ball season, we found that we were without a floor to play our schedule on. Our peppy coach got busy and built us a hall, though with a great deal of trouble. Meanwhile, the squad was without a hall to practice in and only got to "feel the leather" at our scheduled games, which, of course, took place away from home. This easily accounted for our first few games, in which we were defeated. We took it gamely, however, but with a determination to retaliate in our return games, as our new hall would soon be completed. Starting with the acquisition of our new hall, the team began a string of victories, which rather surprised and pleased us. The team steadily got better, and reached the "peak" of their rise in ability about the time of the district tourney. At the height of this peak, a very superior brand of ball was displayed.

The squad which represented H. H. S. at the district tourney, consisted of two veterans, three acquisitions of last year and three of this years' men. They all showed up well, playing in the finals against Connersville, who defeated the local squad 32 to 10. This is not surprising when we think that Connersville is some twelve times as large as Hagerstown. However, we took first place in the comparative scoring for the entire tournament, the totals being, Hagerstown, 224; Opponents, 90.

We will lose three members of the squad this year, two by graduation and another leaving the city. The prospects for next year are rather gloomy at present, but if we are able to secure Coach Bill we are sure of putting a winning team on the floor.



## PERSONAL

W. MAY: Playing his first year on the varsity, "Bill" delivered in fine style at forward and promises to become a valuable asset to any team. Millville is his home port.

STOHLER: This diminutive forward proved himself large in deeds. He has the speed and was a factor in each victory which our boys won.

H. MAY. "Cocky" lived up to his title and could always be counted on for points. Centerville is going to get a real basket-ball player when they get this forward.

DOUGHTY: Our big back guard proved to be a tower of strength in all departments of the game. The low scores made by opponents are a testimonial of the work done by this good-natured giant.

LILLY: This consistent player was our utility man. Much credit is due this cog in our machine for the splendid work performed.

CAIN: Another big-little man who played his first year on the varsity. At center, Cain proved his ability as a basket-ball player, handling the leather here in great form.

HAYS: Sickness seriously set our team back when it kept Hays out of our games. The few games in which he participated he played creditably in the floor guard position.

All district center; Medal for *mental* attitude ARNIM ROOT: His deeds speak for themselves. When Arnim leaves us we shall have remembrances of some of the best basket-ball playing ever seen in this district.

HAROLD W: As captain of the fighting squad of '21-'22. "Wichy" piloted his team in a manner which upheld the responsibility which he assumed. His shoes will be difficult to fill.

STANLEY: Stanley was always on hand to do his part in keeping our squad in trim. He played a guard position.

REPLOGLE: Reogle was our tenth man entered for the section tournament. We think he should have come out for the varsity at the beginning of the season.

## SCHEDULE AND SUMMARY, 1921-22

<i>TEAM</i>	<i>DATE</i>	<i>PLACE</i>	<i>H. H. S.</i>	<i>OPP.</i>
Lewisville	Oct. 28	There	21	22
Spiceland	Nov. 4	There	12	18
Mooreland	Nov. 11	There	11	16
Kennard	Nov. 18	New Castle	44	8
Middletown	Nov. 25	There	29	22
New Castle	Nov. 29	There	8	12
Centerville	Dec. 2	There	37	10
Kennard	Dec. 30	Here	56	7
Knightstown	Dec. 31	Here	31	12
Centerville	Jan. 6	Here	39	9
Economy	Jan. 7	Here	55	14
Cambridge City	Jan. 10	Here	25	17
Knightstown	Jan. 14	There	19	20
*Tournament	Jan. 21	Here		
Richmond	Jan. 24	There	16	32
Cambridge City	Jan. 27	There	21	9
Middletown	Feb. 3	Here	42	29
Lizton	Feb. 4	There	10	11
Spiceland	Feb. 10	Here	32	13
New Caslte	Feb. 17	There	30	37
Lewisville	Feb. 24	Here	56	25
		Total----	584	341
(*)				
Modoc			32	2
Centerville			40	14
Fountain City			21	15

## DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Alquina	Mar. 3	Richmond	26	10
Williamsburg	Mar. 3	Richmond	84	1
Webster	Mar. 4	Richmond	50	4
Fountain City	Mar. 4	Richmond	34	15
Connersville	Mar. 4	Richmond	10	32
		Grand Total----	871	434

## HAGERSTOWN AT THE DISTRICT TOURNEY

The aim and ambition of our basket-ball team, was to win the tournament at any cost. Towards the furtherance of this aim, the team had worked hard and faithfully, since the completion of our new Community building. The chief reason, it must be said, was that it was the wish of the Hagerstown High School, as a whole, that Richmond might not cop the tournament on their own floor.

Hagerstown played Alquina the first game of the tournament. It was an assured victory after the first few minutes of play. Alquina was a peppy little team and fought on, although they probably knew they were defeated. The game ended 26-10.

The next game played was Friday night. Our opponent, Williamsburg. This team had just been organized a few weeks earlier and had played only one scheduled game, which was a defeat for them. The game was a very one-sided affair, in fact it was little more than signal practice for the Hagerstown squad. The first half ended 55-1. The opinion was given on all sides that Hagerstown would play in the finals, however, we already knew that. The final score was 84-1. The highest score made in Indiana during the tournament.

Saturday morning, the H. H. S. squad mixed with the Webster delegation. Webster had improved since they visited Hagerstown in '21 to play our second team. The game ended 50-4.

The last game of the semi-finals was between Hagerstown and Fountain City. This was expected to be a fast game. Hagerstown got the jump on Fountain in the first half. The last half they just killed time. The score was 34-15.

The finals took place Saturday. The local squad ran up against Connersville. Both teams were worn out by hard games and the customary snap was gone. The game started rather fast. Connersville seemed to score in streaks. The second half; our boys played a better game. The playing of M. Williams is to be commented on, he making 18 of their 32 points. Root secured most for the locals, but Connersville played such a good defensive game, it was impossible to get many. Doughty, also played a good game. We think we would have beaten Richmond, had we played them in the finals. As it was, we were beaten by the best High School team that ever played in Richmond. The final score was 32-10.

## HAGERSTOWN'S FIRST TOURNAMENT

January 21, 1922, the first tourney Hagerstown ever had, in the line of inter-high-school-basket-ball, was held in the Community building.

Eight teams were invited to play, as this would fill out the day nicely, making seven games.

The boys were fed at the school building. The town turned out to see the teams play, and there were several out-of-town spectators.

The first game in the morning was between Huntsville and Fountain City. This was believed to be the best game of the tournament by a good many people. Although Huntsville was defeated, it was by a low score. They kept Fountain on their toes every minute of play. The finals score was 18-13.

The next game was between New Libson and Economy. The Economy lads showed their accustomed pep and dash and won with a score of 6-21.

The third game was between Hagerstown and Modoc. It is needless to say that the locals won in a walk-away. Score 32-2.

The first game after dinner was the Centerville-Cambridge game. Centerville sprung a surprise and whipped the Cambridge City squad 26-16.

The next game was when Fountain City mixed with Economy. The Economy squad was out-played, but died hard, fighting every minute. The score was 24-12.

The last game in the afternoon was played by Hagerstown-Centerville. The Centerville boys were out-classed. Good team work was displayed by the locals. Score 40-14.

Hagerstown played Fountain City in the finals. It speaks well for H. H. S. when it is known that the much-tooted Hatfield did not come through with a single field goal. The game was rather slow as both teams had played two games previous. Score 21-15.

# LITERARY



## SPEAKING OF INVENTIONS.

Only my extreme friendship and affection for Izidore Alisando Dobbs influenced me to assist him pecuniarily in perfecting his last idea—the vibration disintegrator. Previous experiences with Isidore had not been the sort that would lead a hard-headed business man to invest money in his plans, but there is something appealing and compelling about Izidore that you cannot resist. He is a real inventor, but he invents things that are not public necessities, even if they are private successes. When he devised his wireless telephone that could be carried about like a vase, I took most of the stock, and felt good about it until somebody mixed up the planes of resonance. It was natural that he should come to me with his vibration disintegrator.

"I've got a new one," he told me, coming into my office and closing the door carefully.

"What is it this time?" I asked him, looking curiously at the small black box he had under his left arm. "A pocket storage battery?"

"No," he sniffed. "I leave such simple inventions to others. "Dukes, I've got the grandest nerve-saver and time-saver ever known."

He placed the box on the table beside him and opened it. All that was visible was a little moving needle that could be swung about in a circle upon a flat disc of steel and a black push button. Izidore cast a mysterious look at me and said:

"Now please pay close attention to what I say." He turned the needle so that it pointed toward himself, then began:

"I call this the—"

His lips continued to move, while he talked smilingly on, but not a sound could I hear.

"Come, now, Izzy," I said crisply, "what sort of foolishness is this?"

For answer he whirled the needle around until it pointed at me, and continued talking:

"—so that, as you have seen, so long as the needle points toward the source of the sound you can hear nothing."

"Did you come here to spring a joke on me?" I said—or tried to say. To my amazement, while I moved my lips and tongue and formed words, not a syllable of them could I hear.

"Do you grasp the idea?" Izzy asked.

"I can't grasp anything," I replied—and again I talked without speaking.

Dobbs pushed the button once more and shoved the needle back to zero.

"Now, we can hear each other," he informed me.

"What kind of craziness have you there," I inquired, feeling that he making me a victim of a huge practical joke; and it is an unwise thing in an inventor to perpetuate practical jokes on a capitalist.

"This," said Dobbs, rising and resting his right hand on the little box,—"this is the vibrator disintegrator."

"All of which is as clear as mud to me," I retorted testily.

Dobbs looked pained and sat down. Patiently he explained:

"Sound, you know, is caused by vibration. Vibration is everything. Vibration, up to a certain point, causes heat, to another certain point, sound. Therefore, all we need do to avoid listening to sound that disturb us is to break them up—disintegrate them, so to speak. Here is the solution."

He patted the black box lovingly and went on:

"This new invention of mine sends an electrical discharge into sound vibrations and dissipates them, just as a ball from a cannon, fired into the heart of a cyclone or water-spout, will stop its progress. Do you begin to understand it?"

"Show me," I demanded. "My folks come from Sedalia, Missouri."

"What sound do you want me to stop?"

"The ticking of that clock."

Dobbs solemnly pointed the needle at the clock and pressed the button. Instantly the ticking ceased. I arose and went to the clock. The pendulum was swaying back and forth as regularly as ever, but, though I put my ear to the face of the clock, I could not hear the ticking; I could not even hear the movement of the wheels.

"Now listen," Dobbs said, pushing the button. At once the ticking was resumed.

"It begins to look good to me," I conceded. Dobbs beamed with pleasure, and took the box to the window. There he adjusted the needle toward the street and pressed the button. Immediately the roar of the traffic was stilled, save for a far away murmur.

"Izzy," I cried, "your fortune—our fortune—is made."

With my trained commercial mind, I realized at once what a vast field there was for the vibration disintegrator. Swiftly I was planning a campaign of promotion for the invention, and could already vision profits rolling in. It was a matter of a few minutes for me to come to an agreement with Izzy, and, with a neat check as evidence of my good faith in his pocket, he arose, buttoned his frock coat about his slender form, placed his silk hat on his head, and went out to engage factory space.

We turned out half a dozen vibration disintegrators and then found where we would run against a snag. The problem would be how to convince the people that no home could be happy without a sound destroyer. When I talked with several of my friends about it they thought I was crazy; when I lured them to my office and gave them actual demonstration of the marvelous working of the invention, they said it was all very fine, but how could it be used. At this point my master mind took a fresh grip on the situation, and I engaged the services of Harrington B. Ransom as promoter and demonstrator. To aid in circularizing and correspondence, we also engaged Louisa Mae Rourke as stenographer and typist. There was where we—I—or some one of us made a mistake. The organization would have been all right with Louisa Mae Rourke left out. Not that I would be understood as saying a word against the young lady. She was all that she should be, in looks, manners and general personality.

Izidore Dobbs is a scientist. A scientist is a man who tinkers with the unknown forces of nature. Dobbs could tell you to the fraction of a millionth part of an ounce how much attraction the planet Jupiter has for a lost golf ball. But the lost golf ball had about as much attraction for the planet Jupiter, as Izidore Dobbs had for Louisa Mae Rourke. This, however, was an unknown fact to him. That is the trouble with a man who knows all about arcs and tangents and sines and cosines, and planets and orbits and other such general information. He classes woman as he does any other manifestation of nature, when really the procession of the equinox is a dead standstill compared with the fickleness of woman. When I think of how Louisa Mae Rourke led me on—but that has nothing to do with this, and besides I have forgotten it. I have dismissed it from my mind, and when I dismiss anything from my mind, that settles it.

The whole thing happened so suddenly that if you are looking for a long, drawn out romance, you are going to be disappointed. Harrington B. Ransom was a young man, who did not wait to act on impulse. Impulse was too slow for him. He acted and then let the impulse catch up, if it could. One morning he came into my private office. He leaned over familiarly and tapped me on the knee.

"Say," he began, "have you noticed how the human negative pole is trying to win little bright-eyes?"

I affected not to understand him, though I knew perfectly well that by the "human negative pole" he referred to Dobbs and by "little bright-eyes" he meant Louisa Mae.

"If you mean that Mr. Dobbs is showing more than a friendly interest in Miss Rourke," I said stiffly, "I may reply that I have observed it, and that, in my opinion, it is nothing that calls for levity and is something that needs not concern you—or me."

"Have it your own way," Ransom replied, unabashed. "But listen. I saw her first."

With these oracular words he departed on his tour of promotion and demonstration. The country at that time was in the white heat of the political campaign, and the fervid oratory of one of the nominees was causing consternation in the ranks of the opposition. I was surprised and pleased within the next fortnight to receive telegraphic orders for ten disintegrators, to be shipped to certain addresses at different places. Afterward I noted that the points to which the machines were to be shipped were cities where the nominee was billed to speak upon the issues of the day. However, had I noticed this, it would not have suggested anything particular to me. The machines were paid for in cash.

Suddenly the country was thrown into a state of excitement by the news that the nominee had suddenly lost his voice from speaking from the rear of a train at New Ross, Indiana. The strange part of it was that he insisted that he had not lost his voice, and, stranger still, was reported as being able to speak with perfect ease and fluency when he went back into his car. On the day when this occurred, I received a telegram from Ransom, confirming it. More news came out about the strange vocal paralysis that affected the statesman. And the next day, and the next brought news to the same effect. No sooner would he face an audience and say:

"My fellow citizens," then instantly all further sound from his lips was silenced, and, after a few moments of feverish gesticulation, he would give it up and retire amid the jeers and gibes of the audience. At length he was forced to return to his farm in Arizona to recuperate and public interest in his politics waned perceptibly.

Then Ransom returned, jubilant, and told us all about it. Although, to be sure, we had pretty well guessed the riddle by this time.

Ransom remained about the office for a month, and I could see that his constant hanging over Miss Rourke's desk was distasteful to Dobbs. Even when Dobbs was not in, I myself could see Ransom, self-confident and brassy, leaning over Miss Rourke telling her it was a shame anyone with such heavenly blue eyes should be compelled to use them looking at the keys of a clicking old typewriter, or that anyone with such marvellously beautiful hands should be forced to devote them to mental toil.

This irked Dobbs. His idea of entertaining a lovely young woman was to draw her into a discussion of amperes and watts and spheres of radioactivity and similar airy badinage.

One morning Dobbs tiptoed into my office. His eyes were glittering and his thin lips were compressed, while his long, lank hair stuck out angrily about his head.

"It's an outrage," he whispered. "This fellow Ransom is plying his cunning art upon that innocent young girl out there—and, Heaven only knows, he may deceive her into marrying him. I shudder to think of it."

"You shudder?" I asked gently. "She could do worse than marry Ransom."

"Not much worse," Dobbs argued, "Besides I—er—I"

"I thought as much," I responded, dryly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Why, I shall speak to her this very day."

He waited until Ransom had gone out to see a fictitious prospective patron that he, Dobbs, had invented. Then Izidore A. Dobbs sidled over to Miss Louisa Mae Rourke and (I could not help seeing it, as my door was slightly ajar), after a few comments on the weather, whispered something that evidently surprised her very much. She shook her head, and then murmured a monosyllable that made Dobbs arise, hunch his shoulders, stick his hands deeper in his pockets, and retire to his work-room.

This was an opportunity that I had been looking for, and I approached Miss Rourke with a few kind words on the excellent way she was doing her work. I then led the conversation up to a certain topic, but just as I was about to ask a certain question of some importance the door opened and Harrington B. Ransom came in. I returned to my office. I sat down and meditated. I was not the least bit jealous of Ransom. I had no enmity in my heart toward him, but I knew perfectly well that his name would be missing from the payroll after that week.

Ransom leaned over Miss Rourke's desk and looked down at her. She looked up at him. It was aggravating—such palpable neglect of the duties for which they were employed. I felt like going out and telling them so, but did not care to be misunderstood. Besides Dobbs saved me the trouble. He came cautiously into the room, a vibration disintegrator in his hand. Craftily he placed it on the table and pressed the button. It was apparent that he had the needle pointed at Louisa May and Harrington, for instantly they looked at each other in confusion. Their lips were moving, but they could not hear each other. Then Harrington B. Ransom, with that decision and quickness of his which, I confess I have often envied, came around and wrote something on the stenographer's pad on her desk. She read it, blushed, and hastily scrawled something beneath what he had written.

Harrington B. Ransom leaned away down; she looked right up at him—and he kissed her. She got up from her chair, put on her hat, and they walked out—he with his arm about her waist. Dobbs and I reached her desk together and read what was on the pad. In Ransom's big hand was this: "Will you walk around the corner and marry me; I have the license?"

In her gentle script was "Yes."

"Good-bye, Dukes. Some day when I have recovered from this crushing blow, when my heart is whole again, I may return. Until then, Adieu."

"But look here!" I called, "what about the vibration disintegrator? What about my investment? What about——?"

And then my words faded on my lips, for Izidore Alisando Dobbs had switched the needle to cover me. Leaving the little black box as a souvenir, he waved his hand in farewell and closed the door after him.

—CLEMENT POSTON.

## SUE'S DIPLOMACY.

Sue Turner was a girl who had the misfortune when only five years old, of being left by her parents to the care of a man and woman by the name of Myers. Her father had faithfully promised, upon leaving her with these people, that he would send them sufficient money every month to educate and clothe her. However, Sue never saw any of this money. Mrs. Myers always denied ever receiving any. Heretofore, these two middle-aged people had lived comfortably and selfishly to themselves and they seemingly couldn't get used to Sue's happy, girlish way. They thought she was silly and didn't know the value of anything. They dealt unjustly with Sue. She was made to do all of the disagreeable work about the place and Mrs. Myers formed the habit of forever complaining.

One day she suddenly came into the kitchen where Sue was resting for a moment. She had been reading, and Mrs. Myers thought this above all other things absolutely worthless. She avowed that this was just another one of Sue's schemes to waste time.

Sue jumped up alertly and started nervously toward the door, but as usual she only received one of those terrible scoldings.

As Sue again took up her work she wondered why she couldn't go to school as other girls did. Things, however, had been the same for her for nearly six years, and she could think of no way of escaping to happier conditions.

One day Sue was given the disagreeable task of chopping wood. Mrs. Myers appeared on the scene and laid the law down to her. She said that she was going to town, and named more things for her to do by the time she returned than any human could think of doing. Sue realized though just what would happen if everything wasn't done upon her return.

As Sue was working away another girl appeared from the back of the wood-shed.

"Oh, Shirley, aren't you afraid to come here?" asked Sue. Shirley was her best and only friend. "You know what she said she'd do to you if she caught you here again?" Shirley assured her that "she'd" never catch her. Shirley was another orphan girl, working for some people who weren't interested in her welfare at all. She was a very happy sort of a girl and had a wide range of thought. She and Sue had talked about leaving their present conditions, but since they had no money and were somewhat afraid to make the start, they dropped the subject.

Just as they were talking, Mark, the hired boy came sneaking up on the girls. He shouted, "Caught ye this time, ain't I?" I'm gonna tell Ma, too. What'll she give you?" He disliked Sue and Shirley and thinking he would win Ma Myer's favor aimed to do all he could against the girls. He then disappeared, but a short time later he came back. He told Sue to go into the kitchen. She finally went. Having

finished her wood, she aimed to start her churning. When she reached the door she sank back. Shirley stepped up to see what was wrong. Sue turned a white face towards Mark. He had deliberately taken all of the cream that was to have been used for her butter and emptied it all over the kitchen floor, had broken the churn and a few eggs.

With a sob of fright she turned to Shirley.

"Come, Shirley!" she cried. "Let's get away."

"Quick!" answered Shirley. "She'll believe you did it!"

And Sue, too frightened and tired to think, yielded to her fright and ran with Shirley into the woods.

They ran through the woods, cut across fields, having no idea as to their whereabouts. They wanted to cross the state line, for then they knew they would be safe. They kept up at a good gait till the sun commenced to go down, because Sue more than realized what would happen to her if she was ever caught.

Soon they saw a white sign which indicated the state line. Once across, they sat down to rest. In the distance they saw a farm house.

"Maybe we could get something to eat at that house," said Sue, realizing it to be long past her supper hour. "Nothing like asking," said Shirley. So they went up to the house. Being unable to find anybody at home, the girls went into the barn, crept upon the hay and were asleep in a short time. Being dead tired, they woke up rather late.

The owner of the farm came out to feed the horses and was more than surprised to find these two pretty girls lying there asleep. As he stood there contemplating what should be done, they awoke. Of course they were startled, but seeing that the man had a kind, cheerful expression they began to feel more comfortable. The girls jumped up quickly and explained their circumstances. To their relief, the farmer introduced himself as Mr. Hoover, stating that he was well acquainted with "Pa" Myers. He made the girls go into the house, where Mrs. Hoover would get them something to eat. Mrs. Hoover and the girls became friends right away. They told her their story and she was greatly touched. Thinking that they had stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Hoover long enough, they decided to leave. Mrs. Hoover, having no children of her own, wanted the girls to stay with her, since they were so much company. She asked them to stay but they only replied that they would stay if she provided them with work. She assured them that they would have plenty of work. For once the girls were happy. They were glad to have the opportunity to live with such broad-minded and influential people.

They were here perhaps a month when one day "Pa" Myers appeared upon the scene, demanding Sue. Mr. Hoover did all the talking and kept him on the outside while the girls were peeping out of the windows. Naturally they were very much

panic-stricken. However, Mrs. Hoover comforted the girls. To their pleasure "Pa" Myers finally left. Mr. Hoover came rushing into the house with the expression of one who had just cracked a good joke. He had spoken plainly to Mr. Myers, and at any rate he told him enough to scare or quiet him the rest of his life.

Sue and Shirley grew up to be kind, loving girls. Everyone loved them and Mr. and Mrs. Hoover could not have become more attached to their own children. They sent the girls through the public school and later to college. Sue majored in nursing and Shirley in music.

One time while in nurse's training Sue was sent to the Myer's home to nurse a very difficult case. Sue hardly realized where she was being taken. As she neared the place the scenes of her childhood appeared to her. Strange as it were, upon arriving at the familiar place, Sue learned that Ma was in a very critical condition. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Myers recognized Sue. Sue decided not to make herself known for several days. Ma gradually improved. She had fallen in love with her nurse and one day she asked Sue who she was, where she came from and many other questions. Sue began from the very beginning and told her the story of her life. Ma never so much as moved. Later Sue told her her name. Ma was indeed shocked and a little sad. Pa was unable to speak. They appeared to be happy for her. They hated to see Sue leave, but they had everything planned as to what they would do for her.

In about a week Sue received a check for five thousand dollars and a note explaining that this sum of money was hers and should have been hers long before this. Her father had sent it to the Myers as he had promised until his death, for Sue's education.

—RUTH BENBOW.

\* \* \* \*

#### "GOOD NIGHT"

"Good night" is an idiom devised to ease the sweet sorrow of parting after dark. It may be interchanged with propriety by parties of the first and second parts any time between dusk and dawn. This quaint nocturnal expression is perhaps the longest phrase in the English language. Romeo and Juliet took eight pages, India paper edition, to say the words. Lovers since time immemorial have been notorious as elaborate Goodnighters. Ask Dad, he knows. Many a lovesick swain has missed the last car back and had to walk home because he tarried too long over his "good night." Many a "good night" has been interrupted by a milk-man yelling whoa to his prancing steeds. The term is generally accompanied by a kiss (soul), smile (relief or regret), tear, hug, or yawn. Bidding each other "good night" is a fine old English custom, and the only expression that seems impracticable to say with flowers.

## HOW TO PUT ON AN OVER-THE-HEAD SHIRT.

The job of putting on an over-the-head shirt is, without doubt, the most difficult task ever undertaken by any one member of the human race, and yet millions have tried it. It can be done successfully and without assistance only by contortionists and by men of at least six months active service as enlisted men in the United States army. Few people who were civilians during the war realize what an important factor the over-the-head shirt was in army life, when more than three million men were in the service. Imagine, if you can, any army barracks, just after that hideous conglomeration of noises called "First Call" has sounded; men frightened from fitful slumber in iron cots, at the mere sight of which Theseus himself would have swooned, to grapple with the dreadful problem of putting on six yards of leggings and an over-the-head shirt in five minutes. When you remember that this tragedy occurred at 5:30 every morning of the war, it seems little wonder that the records of the War Department show that over fifty per cent. of the cases of both insanity and desertion in our army during the war were caused by the over-the-head shirt.

After extensive investigation and experimentation, I feel fully qualified to say that those members of our army who became insane, or who deserted because of the over-the-head shirt were completely justified in adopting their respective courses of action. No one who has never worn the shirt can comprehend all that is involved in putting it on. A description of it is not necessary; it is probably a familiar object to every observing American. The only proper method to begin putting it on is to grasp it by the tails, roll it into the semblance of a tea-ring, leaving the sleeves unrolled, and thrust the head through the opening in the center, allowing it to rest on the shoulders. This is done to prevent breaking the neck by entangling the head, as often happens when the shirt is not rolled. Next, the shoulders are to be thrown out of joint, and the hands and arms are thrust vertically into the sleeves by a series of sinuous movements similar to those of the well-known oriental dancer. (In the case of unfortunate persons who cannot throw their shoulders out of joint, the shirt should be suspended from the ceiling by wires attached to the sleeves. However, this method is so difficult that it is advisable to become double-jointed.) After the arms have been put into the sleeves, and it is found impossible to lower them because of the tension of the shirt around the shoulders, the proper procedure is to shout for help, or, if you are alone, to lie down and wait for someone to come to your assistance. When the friend arrives, he completes the operation by pulling the tails down from the shoulders, which leaves the shirt gracefully suspended from the frame of the tired but proud wearer.

It is the opinion of the leading medical authorities of this country that the over-the-head shirt is destined to prove a boon to us. They freely make the assertion that it will cause the people of the United States to become a race of physical giants, by virtue of the astounding amount of exercise obtained in putting it on. The government has become so interested that it is now preparing to conduct an extensive campaign of propaganda, both to further the use of the over-the-head shirt in this country, and to prevent foreign powers from discovering its value.

—ROADE DUST.

## GHOSTS.

In central Indiana there is a small town of three or four hundred people. In this town as in other small towns everyone knew everyone else's business. In the town was a general store where in the winter time the men sat around the stove smoking and telling stories. On the outskirts of the town lived a family of negroes. These negroes, like the rest of their race, were of a superstitious nature. On a certain winter evening Pete, a negro boy, of about eighteen years went to town to spend the evening. It happened that between Pete's home and town there was a graveyard, and on the other side of the graveyard the home of the Whitleys. There were two children, Bob, eighteen, and Mary, sixteen. On this night, Bob was also spending the evening in town at the general store, as was Pete. The men were sitting around the stove smoking and they began to tell ghost stories for Pete's special benefit, because they knew that he would be frightened all the way home. As the men were talking a thought struck Bob. He quietly arose from his chair and slipped through the door into the night. He hurried home and had a few minutes conversation with his mother. A few minutes later a figure wrapped in white was seen coming down the road toward the graveyard. In front of the graveyard there was a large tree. The figure crouched behind the tree and became still. The moon was shining brightly and casting a silvery light over everything and making the graveyard look very weird. After a while the sound of whistling could be heard in the distance and presently a figure was seen coming down the road. In a few minutes Pete was recognized. He was walking briskly and whistling loudly—perhaps to reassure himself. Pete came closer to the graveyard unsuspectingly. As he came opposite the tree a white figure arose slowly from behind it. Pete slowly turned his head in that direction and as he did so the ghost uttered an unearthly yell. Pete remained for a moment frozen to the ground. The hair on his head (which was curly) straightened out and stood up on end. The chills ran slowly up and down his back. Then he too uttered a yell and started toward home at full speed with the ghost in hot pursuit. But neither one was prepared for what next happened. As they came to the edge of the graveyard another spirit arose slowly. It stood for a minute with its white robes flapping. Pete could hardly become more frightened but the effect on Bob can hardly be described. He was already running swiftly but he increased his speed. He discarded his robes and left them lying in the road. He also called to Pete to wait for him but that person instead of decreasing, increased his speed as much as possible. The ghost took up the pursuit and down the road all three went, one after the other. Finally they reached Bob's house. In the door tumbled Pete and Bob. They were entirely out of breath but gradually began to breathe more freely and think more clearly. Mary entered quietly. Bob looked at her suspiciously but said nothing. He never mentioned the episode but ever after that when ghosts were mentioned Mary smiled.

THELMA CHADWICK.

## THE GIRL ON MY WRITING DESK.

On my writing desk here in my room is a picture. It is a picture of a girl—a very, very good looking girl. She is right in front of me while I am writing this, I mean her picture is. Through the half darkness of the room (only the reading lamp is burning) she stands there smiling. In fact she is always smiling, it seems to be a sort of habit of hers. She seems to be strangely out of place here with the desk piled high with letters, the different penants on the wall and what not. I have just looked up. She smiles. That sweet pathetic smile of hers.

But it seems strange that her hair is done in such an old fashioned way. Why, no, not in the least. To be perfectly truthful about it, she posed for that picture and it was taken some eighteen years ago, SHE is my mother.

—HELEN BARRON.

\* \* \* \*

## THE COMING.

Arabella sat curled up among soft pillows in the big bay window peering anxiously out for the first glimpse of him. She was becoming impatient, for he was already overdue. But with a confidence born of experience, she knew he would appear at any moment. At last she saw him turn the corner far down the street, and her heart leaped within her. He was wearing the familiar blue suit, shabby, but neatly brushed; he was carrying a leather bag. With hungry eyes she watched his lackadaisical approach. When he was quite near, she ran to the front door, and down the steps to meet him. Handing her a letter the postman bid her good-day and went on to the next house.

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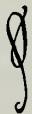
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I'd like to be a Senior

And among the Seniors stand  
With a fountain pen behind my ear

And a thesis in my hand.

I would not be an emperor

I would not be a king.

I'd rather be a Senior and never do a  
thing.

He: "What were you doing last night?"

She: "Oh, helping dad around the house."

He: "Drunk again?"

YES, CUT IT OUT.

Last fall an Indiana city school superintendent promoted a grade teacher to the English department of the high school. He was discussing the work with her when she suddenly said:

"Oh, Mr. ——, it's going to be so hard for me. You see, I've always used so much slang, and now when I teach English, I won't dare use any more."

"Slang!" exclaimed the superintendent. "Well, believe me, Alice, you'll have to cut that out now."

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An English III class was told to write an answer to an ad—judge the following:

Dear Sir: I notice that you have a vacancy for an organist and a music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both, I beg to apply for a position.

## H. P. Kuhn

Tinner, Roofer and Sheet  
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Witchy (after game): "Did you take a shower?"

Root: "No, is one missing?"

Willy: "Teacher, what is the name for snoring?"

Teacher: "Sheet music."

Eave Troughs and Conductors, Roof Painting, Furnaces and Furnace Repairing and Everything Pertaining to the Tinning Trade.

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To the lines carried by the H. J. Day firm we have added a new and complete line of general hardware and from time to time will add other lines as market conditions warrant.

We invite you to Hagerstown, extending to you a cordial invitation to make our store your stopping place, whether you buy or not.

We want to call your attention to our special Friday and Saturday sales. We offer on these days different items of merchandise at prices that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

## HEARTLESS.

- I. She lost her! She threw her heart away!  
They watched her do it in blank dismay,  
But still, while they looked on, they raised no voice,  
Altho they marveled greatly at her choice.
  
- II. She lost her heart! She threw her heart away!  
The man, who seized it, looked as blank as they,  
And then he smiled, as if in mocking glee,  
For hearts—well, hearts that time were trumps you see!

## UP AGAINST IT.

"Some of these writers make me tired," said Smith.

"What's the matter now?" asked Jones.

"Why, on one page, this fellow says: 'Always tell the truth,' and on the next page he says: 'Never become a slave of habit.'"

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### WHEEZES.

"Fares, please," mumbled the conductor to himself as he slid a few in his one way pocket.

"I'll be able to make both ends meet," puffed the butcher as he chased the cat down the alley.

"You're playing with fire," purred the devil as she lit her first cigarette.

"You're faded," yelled the gambler as he stumbled over a roll of old calico.

"Holy smoke!" chirped the bird as he watched the steeple burn.

"My move," grumbled Pluto.

"Great Scott!" said the poet.

"You're next," she coyly whispered to the stag as she left the ballroom.

"Can you beat it?" said the minister to the lad with a drum.

## THE HOME PAPER

The local weekly papers deserve better support than they receive in many communities. Some have not succeeded because of the policy or lack of policy of their management, but our experience convinces us that the great majority of the papers devoted to the interests of the home community deserve hearty support. The metropolitan daily will bring to one's doorstep the news of the world seen through the spectacles of the city editor, but it is the editor who lives in the heart of the community who is able to reflect the sentiment of the local group. He alone is the true interpreter of events as they affect the small town and the country immediately surrounding it. He alone is able to put the throb of real feeling into the obituaries of the men and women among whom he has spent his life and with whom he has worked for the improvement and advancement of the old home town. These local papers deserve better than they generally get. During the war they have had hard sledding—many of them—and now they have a perfect right to come to the citizens of their locality asking real business support. Give it to them. If the local paper has the proper kind of encouragement it can do more for the welfare of the town and the countryside than any other factor. Support means more than merely subscribing. Patronize the advertising columns. Pretty soon you will find yourself becoming more interested in the community than you ever were before and you will find that it is a good place to stay rather than something to try to get away from. Help the local paper and it will help you.

—Ohio Farmer.

Bill: "Johnny, sit down in front."

Johnny: "I can't."

Collins: "Surveying a little?"

Rollins: "No! Surveying a lot."

"Say, did you get your shirt back from the laundry?"

"Yes, but not the front."

## KEYHOLE STUFF—POROSKNIT.

"I saw Gladys get into her Chalmers last night."

"Gee! I didn't know she wore them."

He: "What shape is a kiss?"

She: "I don't know."

He: "Well, give me one and we'll call it square."

Victrolas and Victor  
Records

Eastman Films and Kodaks

Jewelry

Candies

Whitesell's  
Drug Store

*The Rexall Store*

# The First National Bank

Hagerstown

Capital Stock . . . . .	\$50,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	37,000

Four per cent interest paid on all time deposits

## *Bonds Bought and Sold*

We solicit your business

### LINES TO A WOODPECKER.

- I. What joy to hear upon the city street  
Thy tap-tap-tapping mid the traffic's din.  
Giving to passers by reminder sweet.  
That cold is wane and warmth is coming in.
- II. Industrious bird, how camest thou to choose  
The city as a place to bore your nest?  
Didst come to tell us city folk the news.  
The joyous news of spring, that fills thy breast?
- III. I do not see thee, bird of busy bill.  
But just to hear thy hammer cheers a chap;  
Indeed, o'er city noises, constant shrill,  
I marvel that I even hear thy tap.

\*Written by a deaf contributor on hearing a compression air riviter at work near his office window.



The Indiana Piston Ring Co.  
Hagerstown, Indiana

## JUST AS WELL.

Man: "What are you fishing for, little boy?"

Boy: "Sharks."

Man: "But there are no sharks in that little pond."

Boy: "No, nor nothing else, so I might just as well fish for sharks."

## RESTAURANT JAZZ.

He: "What did you think of that piece the orchestra just played, dear?"

She: "Why, I didn't hear it. You know, uncle was taking his soup just then."

## Boston Store H. C. Hasemeier & Co.

### Dry Goods Ready-to-Wear

Only one price

Spring Stock Now Complete

819-821 Main Street

Richmond

## Gifts for Graduations

Birthdays Anniversaries Weddings

## Gifts that last

Bracelets Watches Diamond Rings

Jewelry

## Jenkins & Company

Jewelers, Gift Counselors

726 Main St.

Richmond

## NOMADNESS.

The nomade, his nomadam and their nomademoiselle, while nomadding one day were attacked by a nomad dog—they had never seen a nomadder dog. The situation was nomaddening. They feared they would have to quit their nomadding and go to a nomadhouse. But they found another nomad with a nomad-stone that nomadhered to each of the nomad-dog's bites, and their lamentations were changed to nomadrigals. They did not have to become nomadmen.

# Citizens State Bank

New Castle

*We pay interest on Time  
Deposits and Savings  
Accounts*

All business at this bank is  
strictly confidential

## A LITTLE COTTON TALE.

Kitty: "Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car."

Katty: "I seldom ever wear silk ones either."

We cannot reverse the calendar---yet we can keep the spirit of youth -- its hopes, its enthusiasm, its optimism -- with photographs.

*Al Bundy*  
**PHOTOS**  
722 MAIN ST. RICHMOND, IND.

## Office and School Supplies

Everything for the office and school room

Wholesale or retail

# Bartle & Rohe

921 Main St.

Richmond

### TOUGH.

Blinks: "The undercrust to that chicken pie you brought me was terribly tough."

Waiter: "There wasn't any undercrust to that pie, sir, it was served on a paper plate and you have eaten it."

### WHY THE RUSH.

Fan (late arrival, out of breath): "What's the score?"

Pan: "Nothing to nothing."

Fan: "Good game, eh?"

Pan: "I don't know, it hasn't started yet."

### CAPON PURPOSE.

We know a joke about why the chicken crossed the road. But we won't pullet.

### TOUGH EH?

"Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken? It tastes like it."

"I don't know, sir."

"It must be. Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one."

### FRESH THING.

"Are you familiar with the girls?"

"I tried to be once with one, but she slapped my face."

### IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

First Henpeck: "Ain't these wives the limit? We husbands don't know anything at all and our wives know everything."

Second Henpeck: "Nope, there is one thing my wife admits she doesn't know."

"What on earth is that?"

"Why she married me."

## "Be an American"

is the wish of the

# American Trust and Savings Bank

Richmond

## *An Accomplishment*

Just as the Graduate stands at the threshold of greater opportunities due to having accomplished the tasks assigned—

The Modern Starr Made instruments are the accomplishment of over half a century of constant endeavor to build more perfect musical instruments.

It will pay you to buy a musical instrument, direct from the manufacturer and then you will be assured of satisfaction. Starr Made Musical Instruments are our own product, therefore we know that they will give you the satisfaction you desire—and, our terms of payment are very liberal.

We will be glad to have you come in and look over our line. We would like to get acquainted with you.

**The Starr Piano Company**

831-935 Main Street

Richmond

THEIR NOSE KNOWS.

Slick: "How do you get so many girls?"

Slicker: "Oh! I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."

SHINERS REMOVED.

Ike: "Mike, you just ought to see my girl. You know she has the most kissable mouth and her teeth are like the little stars."

Mike: "They come out every night, eh?"

## The Snappily Dressed Young Men

are clothed by

## Kennedy Clothing Company

803 Main St.

Richmond

## City Drug Store

Complete Line Drugs, Jewelry,  
Paint and School Supplies

Don't forget the Electric Shop in connection with the Drug Store. Any kind of electric equipment sold and repaired

J. H. Stonecipher, Prop.  
Hagerstown

SOME TRAVELING IS SLOW.

As the car reached its destination an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When, I don't remember it?"

"Why, I paid it when I got on the car."

"Where did you get on?"

"At Muncie."

"That won't do! When I left Muncie there was only a little boy on the car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it, I was that little boy."

# Geo. G. Harlan

## Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings

THE STORE OF QUALITY

Phone 283

Hagerstown

## The Owl Cafe

The Home of good eats  
and cold drinks

H. W. Flood      R. R. Hunt

Hagerstown

### STICKING TO IT.

Behold the porous plaster!

It's only a little thing, but before it will give up, a man many times it's size has to take off his shirt before he can make it go.

Behold the automobile tire!

It sticks around and never goes anywhere except on or blow out once in a while.

Behold the flea!

Ask the dog who owns one.

Behold the dress suit!

Guess will never be able to shake 'em.

Behold the hole in a doughnut!

It remains the center of distraction and you can't swallow it, hide it or give it away.

## *"Graduates— I Want You"*

That is what business is saying to you. Business is always calling for new recruits—young men and women who are specifically prepared for business positions and ambitious to succeed.

This is a school of specialization. When you are ready, enter here, and your whole time, thought and energy will be concentrated upon the subject of preparing for certain, definite, specific service in business.

Our school will be in session all summer. We never close. So, just as soon as you are ready, you could start here. You can make every day count.

For "Budget of Information" and full particulars, see, write or telephone

W. L. STUMP, Manager

### **Richmond Business College**

Colonial Building, 7th and Main

### **LOOKING FOR HIM.**

"Where's that infernal proofreader," shouted an irate man with blood in each eye.

"He certainly would be right hard to find now," said the editor uneasily. "What's he done this time?"

"In that advertisement for my valveless motor he turned the second v into a u!"

### **ALWAYS LATE.**

Prof. "You're always late. It must run in your family."

George W.—"I guess it does, I understand an ancestor of mine ran for the Mayflower and missed it."

### **HAD NOT MADE A CHOICE.**

They had just completed the fifth dance—three couples and some thirty odd girls—and they had strolled out to the balcony to rest. He, just out of high-school, and she, out of high-school, also.

"So," he said beginning the conversation, "you are from Indiana?"

"You're mighty right," she answered, "Hoosier girl?"

He stammered and stuttered: "Why-er-really—" he said, "that is I don't know—I mean I haven't decided yet, who."

## **Wogaman's Restaurant**

**for Lunch, Short Orders  
Candy, Ice Cream, Cigars**

**M. Wogaman**

**Hagerstown**

## The Merchants of New Castle

wish to congratulate the Class of 1922,  
Hagerstown High School, for so successfully completing their course of study and also extend their best wishes for continued success in whatever their undertakings may be.

*Merchants Division*

New Castle Chamber  
of Commerce

Visit the Model for  
Fashion Park Clothes  
for men and young men  
Holeproof Hosiery  
and  
Manhattan Shirts

## The Model

709-711 Main Street  
Richmond

## Nusbaum's

The home of quality merchandise at the lowest prices

Dry Goods  
Millinery

Lee B. Nusbaum Co.

719-721 Main St.  
Richmond

### OVER THE PHONE.

"I want you right away, this minute! Will you come?"

"                "

"Won't you please come?"

"                "

"Well, won't you promise me that you'll come tonight? I simply must -----."

"                "

"Oh, I don't know what I shall ever do without you! Can't you possibly come?  
I need you so!"

"                "

"Oh, I think it's just terrible, having to wait so. Tell me! Is there anybody  
else?"

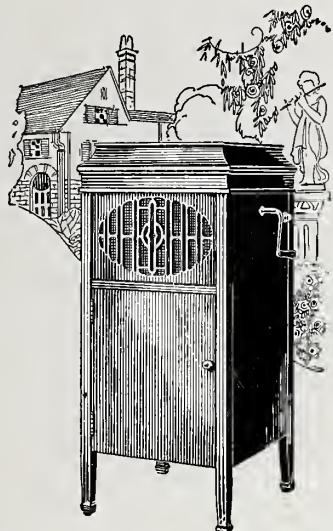
"                "

"Oh, I was sure of it. I knew there must be without asking you."

"                "

"If you only would come to me! Won't you please? If you only could be made  
to realize the distress I am in—"

(Editor's Note.—The above is not a conversation between a discarded girl and the  
brute of a man she loves. It is merely one side of a telephone chat between a house-  
keeper and the nearest plumber during a severe cold snap.)



This model on sale at only \$100

## Our New Big Store

presents a furniture display of style, quality and economy combined to make it possible to have attractive homes. We cordially invite you to visit our big store at any time—go through our mammoth stocks—see for yourself why it is that people who want the best buy here.

Visit our Brunswick shop. Hear the new Brunswick records. The Brunswick plays all makes of records.

Shop at

Romey's  
Complete Home Furnishers

Richmond

## Fred's Clothes Shop

Fine Clothing and  
Hats

710 Main Street  
Richmond

### UNDUE FAMILIARITY.

Cop (angrily, to fair motorist): "The next time ye don't stop at me signal, I'll pinch ye."

Fair Motorist (coloring): "Sir, how dare you?"

### TO AVOID THE RUSH.

"Last evening, sir, I distinctly saw my daughter sitting in your lap. What explanation can you make?"

"I got here early, sir,—before the others."

We are now in a position to regrind cylinders for all makes of motors, and if desired, furnish pistons for same.

Prices furnished upon request.

Teetor-Hartley  
Motor Corporation

Hagerstown  
Phone 22

# Elmer Crull

## Farm Implements

Phone 263

Hagerstown

### HOW ABOUT IT?

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?"

"There's a difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want the lower you will have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it's lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower, if you pay higher. The upper is lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower." But the poor man fainted.

Dick  
McSherlery

Staple and Fancy  
Groceries

Phone 76

Hagerstown

L. S. Gray

*Funeral Director*

Phone 285

Hagerstown

W. L. Fouts  
Milling Co.

Manufacturers of  
Belle of Hagerstown  
Fancy Patent Flour

Phone 20

Hagerstown

LOOK IT UP.

The word kiss is a noun, but it is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined and is more common than proper. It is never singular and is always used in the plural, agreeing with two.

# Durbin Grocery

We pay highest prines for produce and give you the  
best in our line

Masonic Block

## THE ROAD TO PARADISE.

"My darling," said a fond mother, who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "If you are so naughty you will grieve mamma so that she will get ill and have to lie in bed in a dark room and may die and have to be taken to the ceemtery and be buried, and you—"

The child had become more solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words, and, throwing his arms around her neck, he exclaimed:  
"Oh, mamma, may I sit beside the driver?"

## PIANISSIMO PERSUASION.

First Enthusiast: "I say, Muriel, have you ever tried listening to music with your eyes shut?"

Second Ditto: "And you, sir—have you ever tried listening to music with your mouth shut?"

ANSWERED.

"What's the difference between a man and a worm?"

"No difference. Chickens get them both."

BITING.

"My," exclaimed Mr. Clumbsay at the Sophomore dance, "this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh," replied the fair partner, sarcastically, "then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental."

## News Stand

H. Hoover, Prop.

Candies, Cigars, Soft  
Drinks, Daily Papers,  
Periodicals, Etc.

We appreciate your patronage

Ice Cream

Cold Drinks

You are invited to

Fisher's  
Restaurant

City Building

Hagerstown

Good Music  
Day or Night

Dance if  
You Wish

COMMON OCCURRENCE.

She: "John, your manners are awful! I noticed that you dusted the chair at Mrs. Heep's before you sat down, and their little boy was watching you, too!"

He: "Yes! And I was watching him! I am too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin!"

HIS SHARE OF EDUCATION.

The children were telling a visitor what they studied at school.

"I" said the eldest, "get reading, spelling and definitions."

"And what do you get, my little man?" said the visitor, addressing the littlest one, who had listened in a bored way while the others recited their lists.

"Oh, I gets readin', spellin' and spankin'!"

## Graduation Suits

Nobby Sport Models  
in Tweeds and all the new fabrics  
made by  
Hart, Schaffner & Marx  
and  
Hickey Freeman Co.

Loehr & Klute  
725 Main St.  
Richmond

### THE OTHER WAY ABOUT.

Prof. (giving exam.): "Does any question embarrass you?"

Bright Student: "Not at all, sir. Not at all. The questions are quite clear. It's the answers that bother me."

### ONE HE MISSED.

This One: "Shakespeare used every dramatic situation there is."

That One: I have searched his works carefully, but fail to find a pie throwing scene."

Wm. A. Fox

*Funeral Director*

Office Phone 24  
Residence and Night Phone 83

New Castle

Dr.  
Fred W. Leavell

*Dentist*

X-Ray Diagnosis

Consultation Hour 4 to 5 p. m.

Phone 320      Suite 200 Mouch Bldg.

New Castle

E. E. Root & Son

Barber Shop

Dry Cleaning and Pressing

Baths

Phones:

Residence 50

Business 185

## *Will It Hurt, Doctor?*

That's what they all ask—when it becomes necessary to have their teeth extracted

All kinds of Dentistry

*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

C. B. Harter

Dentist

Above First National Bank  
Hagerstown

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

She knew that she was drowning. Her whole life flashed before her in that peculiar kaleidoscopic manner that she had often read was characteristic of those doomed to die. She had gone down into the cruel green water for the third time. Each moment the heavy under-current was carrying her further away from the pier from which she had fallen. She pictured her lifeless body cast upon the sands by the waves—the toll of the sea. She could see the holiday crowd, morbidly curious, gathered about her asking stupid questions. Suddenly she remembered with a flash of horror that there was a hole in the heel of one of her silk stockings. With extreme difficulty she kicked off her slipper and removed the imperfect hosiery. Immediately she ceased struggling and sank peacefully into her watery grave.

# General Trucking

Long Distance Hauls a  
Specialty

*Transporting of Live Stock Will  
Receive Prompt Attention*

C. E. Woolard

Phone 212

Hagerstown



The Most  
Complete Book  
on Annuals  
Ever  
Published Can  
be Secured  
Absolutely  
Free

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PAGE 108

*The EPITOME*

1922

## AUTOGRAPHS

A large grid of horizontal dashed lines, organized into two columns of 10 rows each, intended for the placement of handwritten signatures or autographs.

1922

*The EPITOME*

PAGE 109

## AUTOGRAPHS

## THE LAST WORD.

It is done.

This is the end.

Maybe it might have been better.

The book is done.

We offer you this.

It is not what we dreamed of.

It is not all we planned it should be,

We have tried, but Fate

Said our trying was useless.

We have labored with inexperience.

We have dreamed in terms of things

That we knew little of.

This is the end.

Our task is done.

Deal kindly with it—

Knowing we tried.



















